THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section—Chicago Herald-American

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Week of Oct. 10, 1948

Painting by Willy Pogany

Temptations of Ulysses

Return of Chryseis

READ STORY ON PAGE 12

Penitent Darling OF A DAZZLING ERA

The Famous Parisian Beauty, Cecile Sorel, Was Disposing of Her Fabulous Possessions in the Hope of Entering a Convent Again

Cecile's Behavior in the Convent School Was Perfect Until a Gate Was Left Unguarded Long Enough for the Stage-Struck Girl to Flee.

By Charles Goddard

CECILE SOREL, famous professional beauty of Paris, who dazzled the world for half a century, has been "touched by grace" and yearns to spend her last days in a convent—but some mystic force stops her.

Nobody questions La Sorel's sincerity. Now well into her seventies, she has put her worldly affairs in order, performed many charities, including gifts to needy actresses of a fortune in jewels, which were love-tokens from men of wealth and power who passed through her life. She has given her villa at Biarritz the atmosphere of a convent—and yet as often as she starts to escape from the world, the flesh and the devil, some inhibition makes her put it off.

Can it be the claustrophobia of a woman who has known only palatial villas, or does it hark back to a convent episode of her childhood?

Except for her extraordinary beauty, Cecile, who was baptized Celine Seurre, seemed miscast for the career of cocotte. Her father, M. Seurre, curator of Montsourris Park in Paris, vowed that his household would live in a manner befitting the brother of the Archbishop of Rheims, or he would know why. He never achieved either objective.

Sculpture Rodin, who said new-born babies must always be idealized because none of them was really beautiful, admitted that Celine was an exception. He sometimes used the infant as a model, and so did many other famous artists.

M. Seurre thought this could do no harm until the much-admired baby began to reach the age of understanding. Then he put a stop to it.

Little Celine did not object because the work was tiresome, but she had discovered that she was more beautiful than other little girls.

Celine seemed to be dutiful until one day, in her early teens, she stopped to gaze at posters of stars in a theatre lobby.

The father gave his daughter a lecture on the morals of actresses. When he had finished, she said: "But, Father, I'm going to be an actress."

Monsieur Seurre could not believe his ears until he looked into Celine's face and saw for the first time an iron character that could not be swayed by words. He did not argue—he acted. Within 24 hours she was in a convent. Celine's deportment was perfect for several months, until the tradesman's gate was left unguarded long enough for a girl with the face of an angel to flee as if she had an angel's wings.

She became a milliner's helper and worked alongside another runaway and future celebrity, Yvette Guilbert. Not many weeks later Yvette came in late and with an exalted look brushed aside the scoldings of her boss to say:

"Celine, come with me. I have obtained a job as show girl at the Varieties Theatre and will introduce you to Manager Bertrand."

Putting down the bonnet on which she was working, Celine left the shop and both girls were scampering up the road to fame.

Smitten by her beauty, Bertrand became the first person of prominence to fall before it. He rechristened her Cecile Sorel and held the ladder which she climbed to the heights. Eventually she was starred in England and America, and she was so impressed by her success that she dared to write: "I represent France."

As if in rebuke to such arrogance came the German occupation from which she emerged, just an old woman out of a past that was gone forever—but what a past!

It included such historic figures as Felix Faure, President of France; King Edward VII (when he was the Prince of Wales); D'Annunzio; General Foch; the "Tiger" Clemenceau, General Lyautey and Mussolini.

King Fuad, of Egypt, granted permission for a scaffold to be erected from which Cecile could place her ear against the lips of the Sphynx and hear her secret. Apparently the Sphynx stood on her civil rights and refused to talk.

La Sorel's one marriage and, she says, her only true love, was as spectacular as her romantic affairs. At the age of 60, she fell in love with young Count Guillaume de Segur, who was some 25 years younger than herself. His horrified family made him prisoner, only to have Cecile kidnap and marry him. It was a true love match until the Count's death.

Her father and his brother, the archbishop of Rheims, often asked each other: "What have we done to deserve a daughter and a niece like Celine?" Both died without getting a satisfactory answer to their question.

Now a penitent religieuse, Cecile herself did not know the answer at a recent interview in Biarritz; nor could she explain why the iron will, strong enough to spring her from a convent when she did not wish to be there, is powerless to overcome the strange force which keeps her out, now that she devoutly desires to enter.

She could only say: "The canon of my church here has taken away my worldly desires so that, at last, I see the realities."

She wrote a message to the world in general and America in particular, which is freely translated as follows:

"Blessed be the Lord. He has revealed to me what is most noble on this earth: Self-abnegation, to initiate others and lead them towards the truth.

"You shall know me when I am no longer with you. A short time and you will see me no more. I am finishing the book which will speak to your soul; you shall feel me near you; oh, my brothers and sisters, how I should like to communicate divine happiness to you.

"Dear heroes of America, our liberators, you who are the greatest power in the world, may God bless you."

Illustrated by JOSEPH WATSON LITTLE

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

Enchant him today—*forever!* —with this lingering fragrance that whispers "Romance!"

Yes, bathe every day with Cashmere Bouquet Soap . . . to give your skin that exquisite fragrance men love! A haunting fragrance that comes from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far more costly than you would expect to find in any soap. Why not share in this romantic secret known to popular girls for 79 years. Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap in your daily bath—and for your complexion, too!

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love—

Cashmere Bouquet

Suspicion!

The Idle Gossip of a Summer Resort and the Zeal of Hick Detectives Forced Her to Reveal Her Most Cherished Secret and Brought Her Face to Face With a Murder Charge

By Helen Farlow

Illustrated by GEORGE MAYERS

"I Could Sense Their Suspicion From the Start," Peg Said. The Police Were the Worst but the Old Maids in the Village Nearly Wrecked Her Life for Good.

THE mid-morning calm of a wilderness lake in northern Maine was shattered by a woman's screams.

"Help!" she shouted, "my husband is dead! Help!"

Neighboring campers ran to the rustic cabin where she lived. Suspicion came, too, born of the idle gossip in a camping community, the zeal of hick detectives and the inborn distrust of Down-easters toward an outsider.

In a few hours, attractive Mrs. Margaret Mancil, 33, was involved in a web of circumstantial evidence which not only threatened her with a long prison term but forced her to reveal her three-year-old daughter hadn't had a legal father.

As she battled hysterically against a murder charge, the background of the case emerged. Mrs. Mancil, known to her friends as Peg, had been a nurse overseas during the war. Her daughter was born soon after she returned to Schenectady, N. Y. The baby's father, she said, then, had been killed in action.

She met Oscar Mancil, 56-year-old manager of a Schenectady supermarket, at a party. They had been married 10 months when one of Peg's friends invited her to bring her husband and her daughter to a lodge on Spednic Lake, part of the Maine-New Brunswick border.

Other occupants of the cabin were the hostess, Mrs. Muriel Johnson Kegin, and her three sisters, who, like herself, were nurses. They couldn't avoid noticing that Peg and Oscar quarreled frequently and other campers in the vicinity were also aware of the domestic storms.

When supplies ran low, the four Johnson sisters left early one morning by motorboat for Vanceboro, the nearest town, which was 12 miles away. What happened during the next couple of hours was described later by Peg:

"Oscar and I had another quarrel—one of our most bitter. Finally I went upstairs, taking Kathie, my daughter, with me. About half an hour later I came down again. Oscar was sitting in the porch rocker, his head hanging back at an odd angle.

"I knew he had been having pains in his chest recently, and I thought at once of a heart attack. I ran to the medicine cabinet in the kitchen, hoping to find adrenalin or anything else that might revive him. There was nothing there. I hurried back to the porch and put my ear against Oscar's chest. His heart wasn't beating. That was when I got panicky and shouted."

Some of the neighbors carried Oscar inside and laid him on a cot. Others went to Vanceboro for the medical examiner. By the time he arrived, he had already been told about the Mancil quarrels.

"He came into the room," Peg said, "and stood over the body, sniffing. Suddenly he turned to me and demanded: 'Who gave amyl nitrite to this man?' I told him nobody had given Oscar anything. 'Somebody's been using amyl nitrite around here,' he said. 'I can smell it.'"

Amyl nitrite is a comparatively mild heart stimulant which comes in small glass capsules which are crushed and held to the nose. One of the other nurses said later that she had brought six such ampules to the camp in a kit, but they could not be located.

"I could sense their suspicion from the start," Peg said. "Pretty soon they were all questioning me. The police were the worst. 'You didn't love your husband, did you?' one of them asked. I said I had tried hard to love him, and I did, in a way. He was more than 20 years older than I am.

" 'You quarreled with him,' they kept saying. Sure, we had spats, but so does every married couple. 'You told people around here that you wished there was some way you could end the marriage.' I admitted that I might have said something like that when I was particularly upset. A million women probably have said the same thing.

"They kept after me until I finally told them the truth about Kathie. 'Look,' I said, 'Kathie hasn't a father. I fell in love with a sailor overseas. We were going to get married when we got back to the States. When I returned, I wrote him that I was going to be a mother. He did not do anything about it. Oscar knew all that. He loved Kathie and he was going to adopt her. He was going to give her his name.

" 'Would I do anything to prevent that?' I asked all the people who were asking me questions. It was what I wanted more than anything in the world. 'And anyhow,' I said, 'even if I wanted to get rid of my husband, I wouldn't do it this way. I wouldn't give him any drug. I know it would show up in the autopsy. Remember, I'm a nurse.' "

In spite of her protestations, gossip spread, suspicion deepened and native mistrust prevailed. Mrs. Mancil was arrested, charged with the murder of her husband and lodged in a cell in Machias, Me., where she stayed seven days.

At her recent arraignment, the prosecuting attorney told a packed courtroom that the circumstances were "sufficient to justify the action of the sheriff," but he added:

"The State of Maine is too big to hold anyone for a crime like this without more evidence. I move that this complaint be dismissed."

As Mrs. Mancil hurried to a reunion with her daughter, he explained to reporters that death had been due to a heart attack and the autopsy showed less than one-sixth of a normal dose of amyl nitrite.

"My own opinion," he said, "is that the husband just got too excited about that last quarrel."

Women Are Assuming Dominant Roles in National Life, a Psychologist Points Out, With Their Husbands Apparently Loving It

Illustrated by GEORGE ENGLERT

HENPECKED— *but happy*

By David Camelon

THE young man was worried.

"I can't keep a job, doctor," he said. "Things go all right for a while, and then something happens — and I either have to quit or get fired."

Dr. James F. Bender, head of the National Institute for Human Relations in New York, studied the young man who came to him for help. He seemed normally intelligent and capable. Dr. Bender asked about his wife.

"Gee, doctor," the young man replied. "She's a swell girl. She thinks I'm the smartest guy in the world, and my bosses don't appreciate me: 'You march right in today and tell your boss you've got to have more money—or you'll quit.' "

Dr. Bender nodded. The willingly, comfortably henpecked husband, dominated by a loving wife, was a familiar pattern in his experience.

"And did you tell your boss that?" he asked.

"Naturally. But—well—and I had to quit."

Dr. Bender called the wife to his office, and told her she was injuring her husband's career.

"But I was only trying to help," she said. "People put things over on him."

Dr. Bender was able to show her that while she could help and advise him, her husband had to be the final judge of how to conduct his business hours. She understood—and the young man not only kept his next job, but won promotions and more salary.

"The case illustrates a definite trend in American family life," Dr. Bender said recently.

"In all happy marriages, someone has to 'wear the pants.' One party must be submissive, and the other dominant.

"From my own experience as a consulting psychologist, I find indications that the domination of women in families is on the increase. This trend toward matriarchy—true only in the United States—is caused by several factors."

Among those factors, he listed these:

Women outnumber men, and live longer.

More women are receiving a liberal education which enables them to compete with men.

Women have fewer speech defects than men.

They score higher in intelligence tests.

They dominate the school system — in 1943-44, 78.5 per cent of all American schoolteachers were women — and mould the minds of the young toward later submissions to women.

They own more common stocks than men.

"In fact," Dr. Bender said, "everything points toward a woman's world."

Government reports, he said, show that there were 68,549 males admitted to mental institutions in 1943 — and only 49,853 females. In college, women study harder — 63 per cent more books were withdrawn from college libraries by women than by men.

Trained welfare workers, Dr. Bender continued, report that women hold up better under the strain of such crises as floods, famines and wars. They have, Dr. Bender added, keener senses than men; and in a mechanical aptitude test given in Detroit, their score was higher.

"Studies by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reveal that women hold the purse strings," Dr. Bender said. "Two-thirds of all privately-owned war bonds bear a woman's name.

"Sixty-five per cent of mutual savings bank accounts are held by women. Seventy-four per cent of suburban homes are owned by women. And 85 per cent of all retail purchases are allocated and made by women."

A survey conducted by the Hearst Magazines in 1947 indicated that women bought the bulk even of men's personal belongings for them. The survey showed women bought 61 per cent of men's hats; 84 per cent of their handkerchiefs; 75 per cent of their neckties; 78 per cent of their pajamas; 68 per cent of their shoes; 80 per cent of their slippers, and 75 per cent of their underwear.

"From all this evidence," Dr. Bender said, "it seems obvious that the family life as we once knew it is doomed to extinction. The women are bound to take over in time to come."

Traditionally, Dr. Bender continued, a patriarchal marriage — dominated by the husband —was the normal pattern. But a matriarchal marriage, he said, can be happy if the husband likes to be henpecked.

With American men gaining increasing respect for the women they marry, the matriarchal pattern is gradually becoming established.

"Even big businessmen are henpecked — and love it — not only by their wives, but their secretaries," Dr. Bender said, and explained:

"There was one case of the president of a large corporation, who was planning to leave his wife for his secretary. He professed to love both. His wife dominated him at home, and he liked it. But he took pleasure, too, in the thought that he could dominate his secretary.

"We showed him that she henpecked him, too, in a hundred little things in the office — and that she was interested only in his money. He stayed with his wife."

But, Dr. Bender warned, while the American husband may enjoy benevolent henpecking, nagging is something entirely different.

"When henpecking crosses the line into nagging, divorces often ensue."

The Georgia Supreme Court once said, in granting a divorce to a man who complained that for two years his nagging wife forced him to live in a rear room of their house, doing his own cooking and washing:

"It is better to dwell in the housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house."

The American Male Doesn't Mind Being a Puppet, but When Henpecking Becomes Nagging, Divorce May Follow.

The

By Helene Costello*

THE one-a-day was my mother's honeymoon, a stock company tour in 1904, when the halo of romance around Maurice Costello's curls was brighter than the gas flares lighting the American stage.

How exciting it must have been, after the quiet refinement of her English-born stepfather's New York home! How glamourous her bridegroom's theatrical friends, after Vincent Tresham's sedate circle!

Dad was 26, a dashing young Irish leading man when, in 1903, he met Mae Altschuh. She was 19, a steady-eyed little blonde whose gravity was in striking contrast to his vivacity.

But to Mr. Tresham, the stepfather, Maurice represented human vice and folly, because he came from "The Stage." Dad got such a cool reception on his first visit that he never returned as a guest. He knew where he wasn't wanted!

Mae, however, had fastened such a claim on his quixotic Irish heart in that one visit that he had to see her again.

She Ran From Her Room at the Head of the Stairs, Her Heart Pounding. "Sir," Came a Beloved Voice, "With Your Kind Permission, I Should Like to Speak to My Wife."

For a whole spring they met secretly, to walk New York's dark, windy streets arm in arm. One night, after Dad's last performance in his current engagement, they slipped around the corner to a near-by church and were married.

Dad was leaving early the next morning with a stock company, on tour, and they suddenly decided they couldn't stand the separation without a claim on each other. They kissed good-by a block from her home. Mae went back to Tresham's house, and Dad hurried to the station to join the troupe.

He was gone almost a year.

HE RETURNED with a new wardrobe and with money in his pocket. More, he had seasoned and matured as an actor. He had gone away a rather wild but charming boy; he came back a tested artist, ready for the meteoric success which lay only a few years away.

He did not tell Mae he was coming home. The first she knew, there came a strong, violent pull at the bell cord. She ran from her room at the head of the stairs, her heart pounding because—well, none of Tresham's friends ever yanked the bell like that! She knew!

Her stepfather went to the door.

"Sir," came a beloved voice—one trained to carry faultlessly to the highest galleries—"Sir, with your kind permission, I should like to speak with my wife."

*This material is an adaptation of a portion of the forthcoming book by Helene Costello entitled, "Courage Camille."

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It was like Mae not to run down into his arms. Instead, she returned quietly to her room.

When she came down a few moments later her bags were packed to travel, wherever Maurice wanted to take her. The sight of those bags made Tresham accept the truth—that his little ewe lamb really had married "that actor fellow." He sighed as Mae went demurely into the protecting crook of Maurice's arm.

"Now that you're married, Costello, perhaps you'll settle down to a respectable job and give up this stage nonsense," he said.

Maurice's eyes blazed. Knowing his temper, and how his eyes would take fire when he got angry, I know exactly how he looked.

"Sir, I'll overlook your tradesman's background for the sake of my wife—but don't presume too far!" he shouted.

(Well, he claimed that was all he said! I have my doubts. When aroused, his vocabulary could halt all work at a ship's side and collect a rapt, admiring audience of teamsters and stevedores. Mr. Tresham was a hatter, to my father a contemptible mercantile man.)

After that outburst there was no chance of a reconciliation. Mae went away with him that very evening.

Almost immediately two jobs offered themselves. One was a part in a good Broadway play. It would keep him before the New York public, and would permit him to make a home for Mae. The other was a tour with a repertory company—the school in which great actors were shaped. It paid better, too.

But what about his wife? He knew the one-a-day and loved it, but could he ask her to share its rough-and-tumble existence? If he did—would she?

She would.

COLD, dingy hotel bedrooms. Hot, stuffy ones. Meals at depot cafes. Red plush day coach seats. Towns and theatres in such rapid succession that she recalled them later like pickets in a fence—all alike and close together.

But she loved it because Maurice was with her. As for him, to know that she was in the audience or wings was inspiration.

Three months out of New York the troupe reached Buffalo. The night they were to open there, Mae declared she didn't feel like going down to the theatre, for the first time. Instead,

she made a date with a physican, while Maurice went to the theatre with a crony, another actor in the troupe.

When they arrived at the stage entrance they found it barred. The worst fate that could befall a traveling company was theirs. The manager had skipped, leaving them stranded!

All they had left were their clothes and a few personal costumes. Dad had not saved much. Neither had any other member of the troupe. They had all taken part of their pay in salary "chits," drawn on the vanished company treasurer.

Between them, Dad and his friend could raise $2.70, and they still had their hotel bill to pay. Downcast and worried, they went back to the hotel to break the news to Mother. She seemed to be feeling better—he noticed she was brighter the moment he entered the room.

Gently, he told her their plight. She smiled.

"I'M AFRAID you'll have to do something, Dear," she said, "because you're going to be a father."

The bottomless pit yawned at Maurice's feet. He wanted a son more than anything else in the world. He was the last of the Costellos. After pondering a while, he suddenly shouted:

"Got it, got it!"

The idea that had come to him both shocked and attracted him. He drew his pal out into the hall, where his devout little wife could not hear and explained it.

That evening, two young men in clerical attire carrying religious emblems went from house to house. They said they were "working their way through the seminary" by selling the emblems for a dollar down, another dollar C.O.D.

By midnight there was enough to send Mae to Pittsburgh to Maurice's parents, after paying the hotel bill. With about $5, Dad and his friend set out in search of another traveling stock company working down South.

The clerical costumes—the last assets of the stranded troupe—had been pawned after serving their purpose. Not for years did Mae know where the much-needed money came from.

That clerical role, played on front porches, was one of Dad's greatest performances in his 50-year acting career.

Dad was the first star of motion pictures.

He first worked in pictures anonymously, like every other stage actor. They paid well but the flickering thriller-diller one-reelers were beneath the dignity of a serious artist—then.

His first appearance was before an old hand-cranked camera on the Vitagraph lot in New York. J. Stuart Blackton, one of the Vitagraph founders, was directing that day. When Dad reported for work he found the whole cast banging away with saws and hammers, knocking scenery and props together.

BLACKTON handed him a claw-hammer and said, "Here, Mr. Costello. Lend a hand. The sooner we start, the sooner we're through."

Holding the loathesome tool as if it were a duelling pistol, Dad sighted down the handle at a fellow actor who was sheepishly sawing away at a board.

"I am an actor," he said, "not a blasted carpenter!"

He threw the hammer across the room. Blackton ducked it. Dad was close to being fired from pictures before he ever went to work.

Then, one by one, the others laid down their tools. Their artistic integrity had suddenly risen. Besides, it was hard work! Blackton tore his hair, but he ended by sending out for a brace of experienced stage carpenters.

The revolt spread swiftly and soon other studios had to hire carpenters and stage-hands as the artists threw away their tools.

He worked anonymously for Vitagraph a whole summer. By then his pictures were before the public, and every day the Vitagraph office shipped him a bale of adoring fan letters addressed simply to "Dimples." Maurice knew that his dimples were real assets. So were fans. For a whole month he brooded over that phenomenal mail—for fan mail, as we know it now, just didn't exist in those days.

One morning he was scheduled to start a new picture, but instead he strode into the Vitagraph office and announced it wouldn't start unless he was guaranteed top billing. It was something new, and it held up production for over a week, while the studio heads wrestled with the problem.

Clear up to his 11 A. M. deadline the deadlock continued, but Vitagraph capitulated—because they had seen and appraised that mail to "Dimples," too. It broke the iron curtain of anonymity and inaugurated the star system upon which the industry has grown rich.

In a few years, Dad's gamble brought him an income two or three times that of the President of the United States. He bought an historic home on Long Island, with a private beach.

When I was growing up, we used to have grand parties in that wonderful home. We entertained Jim Corbett, Tad Dorgan, then a struggling young cartoonist, Gregory La Cava, Pearl White, and other notables of the day. Greg, too, was a cartoonist in those days.

It was a time of incredible luxury, yet the day was to come when there was neither servants nor food in the $150,000 home, and no more jewelry to pawn.

Mother, Dolores and I literally went hungry there, while Dad knocked around the United States and Canada, vowing not to come home until every last pawnable asset was gone.

FROM the pinnacle of success he had almost deliberately jumped into the pit of despair, and I know why. He never got the son he wanted.

But to go back—

Dad was in Nashville a few months after that historic turning point when he played the fake clergyman on Buffalo's doorsteps. A wire came announcing the birth of Dolores.

A girl, eh? He was heartbroken at first, but his buoyant Irish spirits came up quickly. There would be other children and one was bound to be a boy. He threw a champagne celebration in honor of the debut into the world of the future wife of John Barrymore.

Three years later his chance did come again, and this time he had a steady income, an apartment in New York and money to engage the best doctors and nurses in the city.

He came home from the theatre one night to find Mother under the care of a doctor and a nurse. The ordeal dragged on—almost 16 hours, the last four of which he spent in prayer.

Then, at the critical moment, the nurse fainted, and Maurice Costello had to help the doctor bring into the world an apparently lifeless girl—instead of the son he expected.

There seemed to be no hope for the baby, so the doctor and Maurice devoted themselves to trying to revive the flicker of life in the mother. Not until she was safe did the doctor give his attention to the child. Maurice was kneeling at his wife's bed, sobbing and praying, when he heard the doctor's electrifying cry.

"It's alive! Get my case, and warm water, and warm blankets!"

It lived, but it was not the boy Dad wanted, and because of the prolonged ordeal there never could be another child.

They named that girl Helene.

I am truly the Last of the Costellos.

By being a girl, I arrived on this earth a great disappointment to my father. In the years since then, when I have been involved in so many other disappointments, I have wished at times that I never had survived the long ordeal of my birth.

YET the same vitality that carried me through that also helped later in other crises.

I learned early in life to fight—and fight—and keep on fighting. Dolores was a lovely hothouse flower who never had an "awkward age," and whom the world was always delighted to serve. Me—well, I had all the characteristics of a promising shanty Irish welterweight. I worked from the age of four.

I was married four times, and all four marriages were failures, just as Dad and Mother's marriage eventually crashed against the insurmountable wall of temperamental differences.

In the divorce case that ended my own second marriage, I was particularly grateful for the bull-headed belligerence I had inherited from my father. Sheer stubbornness and the will to win carried me through one of the worst divorce fights that ever rocked Hollywood.

The story of why I ran from that fight, and why I came back at the last minute to see it through, will be told next week.

Fabulous Costellos

Their Triumphs and Misfortunes Were Part of the Incredible Chronicle of the Silver Screen

Illustrated by EARL CORDREY

ANY TIME is coffee time with NESCAFÉ*

Have you ever tried to make only *one* cup of coffee in your present coffee maker? It's mighty disappointing, isn't it? Ah, but when you use Nescafé, each cup you make is full-flavored, delicious coffee.

So simple, too. Just put a teaspoonful of Nescafé in a cup—add piping hot water—quick as a wink you'll discover the finest flavor you ever tasted—delightfully different from ordinary coffee, with all the richness and goodness of the world's choicest coffees.

What about price? Nescafé costs *less* per cup than ordinary coffee in can or jar. So try quick, delicious Nescafé today.

NESCAFÉ
makes delicious coffee
QUICK AS A WINK
...costs less per cup
than ordinary coffee in can or jar!

That's why more people drink NESCAFÉ than any other instant coffee!

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product. It is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

Jere, in the Days Before Dieting, Automatically Answered the Nicknames, "Butterball" and "Fatso."

How I lost 40 POUNDS

You Can't Overeat and Lose Weight, Says Jere Hagen, Who Has Found That His Doctor's Advice Could Work Remarkable Changes

By Jere Hagen

DID you ever wonder how long a man can stand being called "Butterball" or "Fatso" without coming out swinging?

With me the answer is 10 years!

Yes, indeed, 10 years of unconsciously looking up when someone shouted:

"Where is the little round man?"

Ten years of hearing:

"Who made the suit? Omar, the tentmaker?"

Now, when they say "Where is the little round man?" I join the other lookers and glance expectantly at some of my compatriots, for I have seen the light.

From a hefty 210 pounds which virtually made me five feet seven inches any way you looked, I have come down to less than 170. My doctor tells me I have taken 20 years from my age. My life insurance company cut my premiums 20 per cent.

I feel 1,000 per cent better. I can walk down the street without my stomach out ahead.

I can cross my legs without going into gymnastics.

I can pick a stray quarter off the floor without hanging onto the wall for support.

I can walk up a flight of stairs without black spots dancing before my eyes. I can even keep my pants up without galluses.

Yes, I can do just about everything I haven't been able to do, lo, these 10 fat-laden years—everything, that is, but eat too much.

There is the whole story—you can't overeat and lose weight. And you can't take those sociable drinks and expect the scales to drop.

You can't even let yourself think about those tasty tidbits like onion au gratin, or coconut pie, or even those thick, tasty stews that swim in luscious gravy. And no second helpings!

Going on a diet, in my case, resolved itself into mentally kicking myself in the ribs, and deciding that I was going to follow orders.

Let me interject right now that he who tries to take off a great deal of weight—in my case 40 pounds—without consulting a good medical man is foolish.

Let the doctor tell you how many calories you can safely cut down to, let him tell you what vitamins you need to keep your diet from hurting, rather than helping you.

My doctor, a specialist well thought of in his field, checked me over every few days. At times I couldn't help but think he was slowly starving me to death, but he saw to it that the weight came off and I never had a single bad day.

The happy day when I had to buy new suits because the old ones couldn't even be altered—there was a moment of moments.

Ah, me I could almost smack my lips in memory—just like I use to over a thick steak with that extra bit of fat.

Anyway, back to the doctor and the diet. I drew a 1,000 calorie special and it went like this:

FOR BREAKFAST:

Fruit juice—one-half glass.

Cereal—one tablespoon dry measure before cooking with a dash of skim milk or

An egg—boiled or poached.

Toast—white, whole wheat or melba—one slice.

Butter—one-half pat.

Weak tea or regular coffee, no cream or sugar.

FOR LUNCH:

Meat, small serving—2 ozs.

Vegetable—medium serving.

Bread—one-half slice.

Potato—one-half small, boiled.

Butter—one-half pat.

Skim milk, 1 glass.

Fruit, fresh or canned, no sugar, medium serving.

Coffee, or weak tea, no cream or sugar.

FOR DINNER:

Meat, large serving—3½ ozs.

Vegetables—2 medium servings.

Potato—one-half small.

Bread—one-half slice.

Butter, one pat.

Skim milk—one glass.

Fruit—one serving.

For meats I had my choice of beef, ham, veal, lamb, chicken or turkey. Of course, the servings had to be divested entirely of fat and had to be broiled or roasted—never fried.

Vegetables included: (in the amounts prescribed) Asparagus, beet greens, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, lettuce, endive, broccoli, sauerkraut, tomatoes, okra, eggplant, peppers, parsley, carrots, brussel sprouts, corn and spinach.

Fruits allowed were: Blackberries, cantaloupe and other melons, peaches, pumpkins, strawberries, oranges, grapefruit and apples.

During the time I was on the 1,000 calorie diet I took several kinds of vitamin pills. They balanced the diet and helped keep me from suddenly looking like a deflated gunny sack.

After two months of this I had dropped 30 pounds. Some said I looked haggard, but I felt fine and I was told that I could step up the daily diet to 1,700 calories.

This was done mainly by having my patient wife whip up a sturdy farm breakfast consisting of two eggs instead of one and a liberal cereal.

With a cup of soup added at lunch and dinner that quickly ate up the additional 700 calories.

You may ask—I know I did—if one gets only 1,000 calories why not make breakfast virtually nothing and take on a stouter lunch or dinner?

It just doesn't work out that way. You don't get balance and your system suffers.

In my heyday as a little round man I used to gulp down a couple of cups of black coffee and a glass of orange juice (when I had time to wait for the orange juice) and call it a breakfast. But, that's biting off your nose to spite your face.

After dieting awhile I quit asking questions and did just what the directions said. It was enough of a mental strain to hew to the line and after all I was paying the good doctor to do the figuring.

My minus 40 pounds proved he was right.

While I have lost the weight I haven't lost the memories of such things as eggs benedictine with a nice thick hollandaise sauce that would melt right in your mouth.

Then, all I have to do is slip on an old coat that would be big enough now for both my youngster and me. That clinches it for me.

Mr. Hagen Shows Off His Streamlined Figure, but the New Look Depends on Avoiding Many of His Favorite Dishes.

Marysia Harcourt-Smith Found That Marriage to a Sea-Roving Husband Clashed With Her Own Love for Painting All Night

The ARTIST *and the* SAILOR

By Joan King Flynn

DRAWN drapes screened out the living room of the lavish Paris apartment from the early morning street noises. Sitting at a corner table, littered with paints, brushes, coffee cups and overflowing ashtrays, Marysia Harcourt-Smith was busily at work. Her hands moved deftly as she stroked the large rectangular glass. The brightly colored paints took on the form of a gay, Swiss snow scene.

Marysia was startled as she heard a gentle tap on the door. "Marysia," her husband said, "come to bed. It's after 3 o'clock."

"I can't now, Darling," she answered. "If I do, this enamel will dry and my work will be wasted."

Two hours later, the artist surveyed the finished painting with a satisfied sigh, arose, snapped out the lights and retired.

That's the way it was, time after time. Marysia, who was nearing 40, just couldn't restrain her impulse to keep on painting through the night. Sometimes she was still painting when her children awoke in the morning.

That seems to have been one of the chief reasons, too, for the failure of her marriage to 49-year-old Cecil Harcourt-Smith, retired British naval commander, against whom she filed suit for divorce recently in Paris, charging "artistic incompatibility."

"My husband liked the sea and was happy when he was wearing old clothes," Marysia said in an interview with The American Weekly. "I liked to live at night. I had to have peace and quiet to paint."

"Sh! Mommy's Painting," Florence Harcourt-Smith Warns Her Young Sister, Joanna, as They Peep In on Their Busy Artist Mother.

American Weekly Staff Photograph

During the long, lonely nights of the war when Harcourt-Smith was on active duty, his wife, the former Marysia Ulam, of a noted Polish family, took up painting on glass. She chose it because it was an interesting medium with which she could experiment. Marysia had never had any instruction in painting.

In 1932, she married Rene Kraus, an author who wrote a biography of Winston Churchill, "Man of the Year." In 1939, she divorced him.

Within six months, she married Harcourt-Smith, whom she met in Florence, Italy. They named their first-born daughter Florence, after their meeting place. Then Harcourt-Smith went to war. His tall, pretty, brunette wife and their daughter took refuge in Zurich, Switzerland.

Marysia started to paint. She discovered she worked better at night. There were no distractions. The baby was asleep; no telephones ringing; no people coming in unexpectedly; no interruptions. Often, when she returned from a dinner party, she slipped off her evening gown and donned her paint-stained coveralls.

Her friends recognized talent in Marysia's style and suggested she show her work.

When Harcourt-Smith returned from the war in 1945, he, his wife and child moved to Paris where Joanna was born. He also had a yacht named Joanna.

Conflicts developed between the sailor and the artist. He wanted to buy a boat, hire some other retired navy men as shipmates and inaugurate a freighting line to sail the seas. Marysia liked the social life and painting all night.

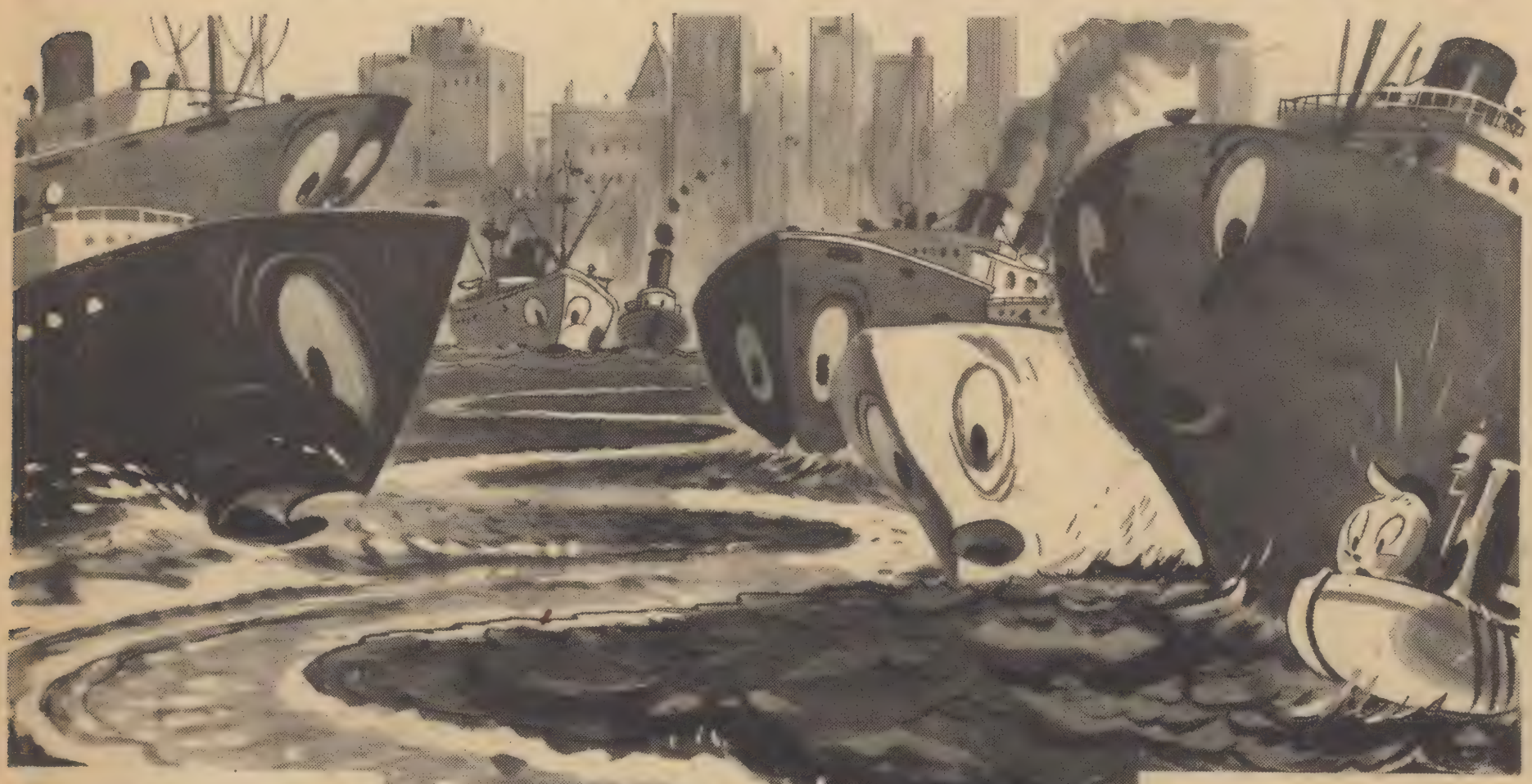
It was this clash of interests that separated them last fall.

Marysia had an exhibition of her work in Paris. Last spring, she came to America with her two daughters for a showing of more than 30 of her paintings in New York. Maurice Chevalier, King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, Madeleine Carroll, Mrs. Mary Duke Biddle and other celebrated friends of the socialite artist attended the exhibit's opening.

"How do you achieve that naive quality in your work?" a critic asked Marysia.

"It's just there," she answered. "It's my form of expression. Instead of writing stories, I paint them."

FED UP *with* YOUR JOB?



The Ferry-Boat Captain Went on a Wild Three-Hour Ride, Playing Tag With Bigger Vessels.

Before You Obey That Rash Impulse, Study the Cases of Others Who Sought Escape From Distasteful Routine, and What Ensued

By Irmis Johnson

"NUMBER pul-ease? Number pul-ease?"

The words Winifred Hatch, only telephone operator in the little town of Ripley, Me., had been saying 365 days a year for 35 years suddenly stuck in her throat. She felt as if she'd choke if she ever had to say them again.

The thought of her seemingly inescapable boredom suddenly made her see red. With an infuriated lunge she kicked the stool from under her and pulled all connections from the switchboard that served the town's 350 subscribers.

Then, just to make a good job of this act of destruction, the 57-year-old widow ripped out the trunk lines and stomped on them.

Winifred Hatch, public servant, wasn't fed up with her job any longer. She didn't have any job. She was free.

The Maine widow felt that she had a right to revolt and do what she pleased with the switchboard and telephone lines, because they all belonged to her. Back in 1936 her husband had agreed to run the switchboard for 10 years in exchange for all the stock in a co-operative company that had gone broke. She had inherited the responsibility, when he died.

Yet she placed herself in the rebel class, psychologically speaking, when she let her pent-up emotions explode. She apparently was one of those persons who, according to Dr. Donald A. Laird, the well-known psychologist, will put up with a monotonous routine—until the day comes when they boil over inside. Then they kick over the traces.

Other persons of a more submissive nature may conceal the little frustrations and restrictions of daily life indefinitely because they dislike criticism from their fellowmen.

Mrs. Hatch wanted to shed her irksome responsibilities so she could marry Charles Johnson, a friend of 18 years' standing, and help him run his farm. This she did the day after her dramatic rebellion.

The inconvenience caused when Winifred Hatch threw her inhibitions to the winds in no way compared, however, to the hazards involved when ferry-boat Capt. Edward H. Hudgins and First Mate Ray Rule obeyed a mischievous impulse to take their passengers on a wild, unchartered three-hour ride.

Normally, the Ocean City, a Virginia State Department of Highways' ferry, plied an uneventful 30-minute course between Newport News and Pine Beach, but on the night of April 29 the old tub veered erratically from the "straight-and-narrow" and ploughed crazily through Hampton Roads into the James River.

Terrified passengers later reported that the skipper, in what could have been revolt at humdrum conventions or just plain confusion, kept sending signals for "full speed ahead," "full speed astern," and "stop" all at once.

"It was awful," one woman recalled, "to look ahead and see big ships looming up in the dark."

When it seemed that the Ocean City would continue to play tag with bigger and more seaworthy ships for the rest of the night, the passengers aboard the ferry-boat strapped on life preservers and started to pray.

There were threats from the mate that anyone who dared interfere in the pilot house would be thrown overboard. Men in the engine room sweated as they carried out bizzare orders lest they be accused of mutiny.

While one passenger with a flashlight signalled an SOS to a passing vessel, the skipper countered by blinking the information, "situation well in hand."

Finally the Ocean City rammed into some old pilings and was boarded by a daring tugboat captain who docked her safely. Hudgins and Rule were charged with drunkenness and locked up. Each was fined $10—the maximum for public drunkenness—and both lost their jobs.

In pleading their case the two men argued that a rudder pin had stuck, causing the ferry's eccentric behavior. The testimony of passengers who took that wild ride on the Ocean City made the skipper's version of the voyage sound silly.

The exploit of the wayward ferry reminded many people of the odyssey of William L. Cimillo and his brand-new New York City bus.

Cimillo, who had been driving the same route for 16 years, rebelliously took a left turn when he should have gone right—and headed for Florida when he should have gone stolidly on picking up fares in the Bronx.

Although Cimillo was arrested and charged with grand larceny, crowds cheered him wherever he went.

His company gave him his job back and his wife was sympathetic.

Like the runaway skipper and roving busman, a Chicago trolley car motorman made news when he impulsively abandoned the route to which he was assigned, to pick up passengers in greener fields.

"Business was slow on my line," he told irate officials—handing over a bulging bag of coins and tokens—"so I went where there were more customers."

The best way to overcome the urge to rebel, says Dr. Laird, is to go away on a vacation, to see new places and new faces. This escape from humdrum routine usually keeps one from smashing things or flying off on wild tangents.

Illustrated by HARDIE GRAMATKY

Lovely CHRYSEIS and BRYSEIS

By John U. Sturdevant

IN WAR, the question to be decided is "Who is right?" As long as the fighting continues, the answer is always emphatic: "We are!"

In the conflict between the Trojans and the Greeks, both sides were equally certain of the merit of their cause.

The Greeks wished to restore Helen to her husband, King Menelaus, while the Trojans, especially Paris who had abducted her, wanted to keep her.

As it turned out, Helen, the cause of it all, really didn't care. As the most beautiful woman in the world, she had everything but high principles—perhaps because the goddess of love had carefully extracted them when she bewitched Helen. In her current state of mind, a husband was a husband, whether his name was Paris or Menelaus. To her, one man was no different from another. Helen had learned to be adaptable.

The man's viewpoint was apt to be different. Menelaus still wanted his treasure back, and Paris

Ulysses Returns Chryseis to Her Home—See Willy Pogany's Front Cover Painting

was determined to keep his prize. The forgotten man in the squabble was the soldier who was asked to give his life for a cause not only lost, but slightly tarnished.

One such soldier was Achilles whose principles in contrast to Helen's, were noteworthy.

When the war began, he asked himself not "Who is right?"—but "What is right?" And thereby got himself involved.

Since no one could answer the question satisfactorily, Achilles stuck to his spears and fought so valiantly that he became the greatest single warrior on the Greek side. Yet, despite numerous victories, King Priam's castle and Troy itself were still intact. Achilles' patience wore thin.

One day, from a conquered village, there arrived two young captives. One was a war widow named Bryseis, whose husband had been slain by Achilles' men. In sympathy for her plight, Achilles took her into his encampment and soon the two were in love.

The other girl, a maiden named Chryseis, was given to Agamemnon, the King of Greece, who became so fond of her that she soon replaced his wife Clytemnestra in his affections.

Chryseis presented a major problem, being the daughter of a priest to Apollo. When he learned of his daughter's capture, he visited Agamemnon and begged him to accept a ransom and restore the girl to her home. The king refused and sent the old man roughly on his way.

Outraged, the old man called on Apollo for revenge. With speedy despatch Apollo sent his shafts into the Greek camp, and for nine days it was stricken with a pestilence.

On the tenth day, Achilles summoned Calchas, a prophet, and told him to declare the cause of the plague, which he did correctly. He informed Agamemnon that the girl would have to be returned in order to appease Apollo.

The king was furious. As for Chryseis he was going to keep her, but craftily announced that he might be willing to bargain. If someone would provide him with her equal in looks, wit and skill, he might consider an exchange.

It was Achilles' turn now to be furious. He charged the king with greed and told him bluntly the armies seemed to be fighting to fill his coffers with gold and cater to his pleasures. Already his

R. F. SCHABELITZ

Achilles, the Great Warrior, Took Bryseis Into His Camp and Soon the Two Were in Love

selfishness had caused Apollo to decimate the Greek ranks.

Agamemnon then played his trump card. He would gladly give up Chryseis if Achilles would surrender Bryseis to him. Between Achilles and the young widow there had grown up so strong a love that they even talked of marriage. The king's suggestion was, therefore, out of the question, and rather than be dishonored by it, Achilles shouted that he was going to withdraw from the war entirely. He was tired of fighting.

The king told him to be gone, and good riddance, but he would have Bryseis first.

Achilles drew his sword to slay the king but the goddess Athene suddenly appeared and held him back. The council broke up and the king's men took Bryseis and handed her over to the king.

Chryseis was free to return home and the task was given to Ulysses. He set sail for Chryse with the girl and handed her over to her father who was waiting on the beach. They offered a sacrifice to Apollo and the plague was ended.

Nothing could stay Achilles' anger at the king and his wrath forms the plot of "The Iliad," the first part of Homer's great epic history of the Trojan War. He felt Agamemnon had played a mean trick on him and he pouted day and night, sitting on a rock by the sea.

With Achilles absent from the war, the Greeks were very nearly defeated.

But Achilles was not moved until his friend Patroclus was slain by Hector of Troy, Paris' brother.

Then Achilles put on some new armor, slew Hector and in turn was slain by Paris with an arrow shot into his heel, his one vulnerable spot.

Ulysses inherited Achilles' wonderful armor and achieved many notable victories. But Troy was unshaken still, until the general devised the great wooden horse, the unique fifth column strategy in military history.

After it was built, it was left on a plain outside the gates of Troy, and the Trojans, needless to say, wondered at it.

They thought, most of them, that it was an offering to Athene, the Greeks thereby acknowledging their defeat. They took the horse within the city walls.

At dawn the next morning Ulysses and a few hand-picked soldiers let themselves out of the horse and opened the city gates to let in the Greek armies.

In this way, after ten years of siege, Troy was taken.

Helen was returned to her husband, Menelaus, and Ulysses was ready to sail for home. It took him ten years to get there.

Next week, Ulysses meets a nymph and the gods take a personal interest in his romantic, though unhappy, dilemma.

Make this a time to remember . . .

IF YOU COULD SEE the yearning in those eyes, you'd know the joy that waits for you when you present her with her first important watch.

For this is the time to which everyone who's young looks forward, a time when it's such fun to mark the precious moment of growing up with the most perfect gift of all.

FOR A GIFT to cherish—none is more perfect than a watch. Your jeweler has a wide choice to show you, achievements of the skill of free craftsmen—of America and Switzerland—oldest democracies on two continents.

And, no matter what the make of your watch, it can be repaired economically and promptly, thanks to the efficiency of the modern jeweler.

For the gifts you'll give with pride — let your jeweler be your guide

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

See "The 1948 Watch Parade" at your jeweler's—October 10th to 24th

"My Faith"

Dr. Robert V. Kleinschmidt, Harvard's Leading Physicist, Reveals His Belief in a Universal God

by Robert V. Kleinschmidt

A.B., A.M., B.S., Sc.D.
(Professor of Physics and Mechanical Engineering at Harvard University)

Illustrated by KARL GODWIN

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE are the three great human emotions—or passions, if you will. They are the driving forces of human conduct.

Of the three Faith is the most desperately needed in the world today. Faith that moveth mountains; Faith, the substance of things hoped for, the foundation of human values.

What is faith? I can give only my own limited view of faith as a scientist sees and uses it.

Scientists are commonly regarded as coldly intellectual, mathematical seekers after a very impersonal truth. Yet who can explain the devotion of a Columbus facing danger, hardship and ridicule for his faith in a spherical earth, or a Curie, Pasteur, Galileo, Agassiz, Newton and the rest, on the basis of either intellect or curiosity?

They had a passionate faith that there was a beautiful and orderly plan in the universe and that to understand this plan was worth more than any human ease and comfort.

Faith, like hope and love, may be high or low. The gambler who puts his faith in cards or horses is wasting this precious power just as the man whose hopes are centered on becoming wealthy or whose life is wasted on sordid or ugly passions.

People grow in faith in various ways, but I find it helpful to consider this growth in four steps: First, we must have faith in ourselves, in our ability to think clearly, to choose high ideals.

It is not always easy, but with experience and practice, we can attain a degree of personal faith.

The next step is faith in one's fellow men, in their essential goodness and humanity, however different their race, culture or manners may be.

Next it is a relatively easy step to extend this faith to nature, to recognize the essential beneficence of sun and wind and rain and all things which are natural and conform to natural laws.

Finally it is an even shorter step to faith in a guiding Spirit, a moral Principle, a cosmic Plan which comprehends all that I can conceive of and infinitely more—the universal God.

I have known those who developed faith in reverse order, starting with a religious faith and extending it to nature, mankind, and finally to themselves. Scientists—and this was my own case—frequently start with a faith in nature and natural law and develop in both directions.

Many people never complete this development of faith. They feel content with some degree of of faith in themselves, or perhaps in natural law, but such a limited faith is almost certain to be blighted and wither without bearing fruit.

We need then not only faith, but the most complete faith of which we are capable—a living, growing, all-embracing faith.

Faith must precede knowledge. It is not the things we know, that we have seen or experienced, that require faith, but the unknown or the imperfectly known; and knowledge can not replace faith, it only completes or justifies it.

Faith is often confused with belief. Belief is an intellectual process. Columbus believed that he had reached the East Indies. He was wrong. But the faith that drove him to sail westward across the ocean brought far greater discoveries.

The beliefs of scientists are changing, but the faith of scientists in a basic Law is so perfect as to be worth seeking, even though never completely found, and grows stronger every year.

When I was in high school we were taught to believe that matter was indestructible and that energy can be neither created or destroyed. Anyone who did not believe these basic laws was too ignorant to be called a scientist.

Yet today we destroy matter and create energy by atom smashing. Our beliefs were faulty, but our faith in natural law is not shaken in the least.

Some years ago a school of scientists developed such pride in their discoveries that they proposed to reduce all life, conduct and morals to a set of chemical and mathematical equations.

This conceited belief threatened for a time to upset all our moral and spiritual values, but as greater minds delved deeper into the mysteries of matter, they found that atoms are by no means the ultimate particles.

It is one of the beauties of science that the more you know about any branch of science, the more you see what is yet to be discovered. Whether we gaze into interstellar space to discover whole new universes or split the atom, we are led more and more to the concept of a universe of infinite extent, complexity and order.

As the scientist learns more and more, he must be more and more conscious of the Infinite, more and more humble of his own small knowledge, and more and more dependent on faith; faith in the significance of human life and activity and progress; faith in truth itself, or shall we say faith in God?

Without this all is futility. Sanity and life itself would cease to exist. That is why the scientist in any field must have a strong, vital faith.

"Faith, Hope, Love"—love is the greatest, but faith is the first, without which the others can not develop.

ON OCTOBER 13, 1946, The American Weekly published a stirring declaration by Albert Einstein, one of the world's greatest scientists, of his faith in God as a "superior mind that reveals itself in the world of experience."

"The man who regards his own life and that of his fellow creatures as meaningless," he wrote, "is not merely unfortunate, but is almost disqualified for life."

These deeply religious words by Dr. Einstein came as a surprise to many who had the false belief that religion and science are in conflict.

It was not a surprise, however, to other eminent scientists, many of them Nobel prize winners, who were happy to join Dr. Einstein in writing for The American Weekly their convictions on religious faith. During the last two years, these declarations of sincere, abiding religious conviction have grown in number and they have been published from time to time in The American Weekly under the title, "My Faith."

To date 22 of the world's leading men of science have testified to their faith and their articles have been assembled into a book, called "The Faith of Great Scientists." It is possibly the most powerful proof ever offered that religion and science are really in harmony—that mere research in the physical world cannot offer a final explanation of the great mystery of life.

You may obtain a copy of this booklet by sending your name and address, with 25 cents in coin, to The American Weekly, Box 874, Church Street Station, New York 8, N. Y.

LOOK FOLKS! **LIPTON TEA CONTEST!** $36,117 in Prizes! 356 chances to win!

You may win $10,000 in CASH!

Just complete this sentence in 25 words or less:

"I GET EXTRA ENJOYMENT FROM THE BRISK FLAVOR OF LIPTON TEA BECAUSE _____
_____
_____"

MAYBE LIKE THIS

...THERE'S SOMETHING SO CHEERING AND SATISFYING ABOUT LIPTON'S THAT IT SENDS A WARM, FRIENDLY GLOW ALL THROUGH ME.

...A HOT, BRACING CUP OF LIPTON'S NEVER FAILS TO GIVE ME A REFRESHING LIFT WHEN I'M TIRED... IT'S A MAN'S DRINK!

OR MAYBE LIKE THIS

COME ON!

FINISH THE SENTENCE YOUR WAY... RIGHT NOW!

Don't put it off! It's as easy as pie!

Today—right now—brew yourself a fragrant, steaming cup of Lipton Tea for inspiration. Then while that brisk goodness seeps into your bones, sit right down and finish the sentence above in your own words! Don't hunt around for fancy phrases—it's *what* you say, not *how* you say it, that counts. It may be worth $10,000 to you!

356 BIG PRIZES! worth $36,117 offered by LIPTON TEA

First Prize	$10,000 Cash
5 Second Prizes	each $1,000 Cash
50 Third Prizes	each $100 Cash
150 Westinghouse Automatic Vacuum Cleaners	retail value $69.95 Each
150 Sunbeam "Mixmaster" Electric Mixers	retail value $37.50 Each

ENTER TODAY! IT'S A CINCH!

Just get an official entry blank at your food store. *Or* write your entry for the Lipton Tea Contest on a piece of paper (following the simple rules printed below). Mail your entry, together with a Lipton Tea or Tea Bag box top to LIPTON, P. O. BOX 645, NEW YORK 8, N. Y.

THINK WHAT $10,000 COULD MEAN TO YOU RIGHT NOW! OR EVEN $100! GET YOUR ENTRY IN TODAY! IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN!

These hints may help you win

Gives You a Wonderful, Bracing Lift! When you're done in or weary, the lift you get from that brisk Lipton flavor puts you in fine fettle again.

Brisk Means Richer, Livelier Flavor! Lipton's brisk flavor is more *exhilarating*—it cheers and revives you through and through.

The Smartest Hostesses Serve Lipton Tea! Brisk Lipton's is a friendly, sociable drink. America's favorite—most popular tea in the world!

Men Are Keen for Lipton's, Too! The bracing pick-up and brisk flavor of Lipton Tea made it the *official* tea of the 1948 U. S. Olympic Teams.

Very Finest Orange Pekoe and Pekoe Teas are blended in Lipton's own *special* way for that brisk flavor. It's the *blend* that counts!

Expensive? Not At All! Even tea as choice as Lipton's costs less than any drink but water. Enjoy it often . . . with meals or in between.

For more contest hints, listen to "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts," Monday nights, CBS

Hurry! Contest closes midnight, Nov. 21st!

Follow these easy rules for LIPTON TEA contest

1. Simply complete the sentence: "I get extra enjoyment from the brisk flavor of Lipton Tea because . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Print, or write plainly, your sentence-ending on entry blank obtainable at your dealer's, or on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly. Include your grocer's name. Ask him to help you. Then, if you win a cash prize, he wins, too.

2. Mail to Lipton, P. O. Box 645, New York 8, N. Y. Submit as many entries as you wish but each entry must include a top flap from a package of Lipton Tea or Lipton Tea Bags. Each entry must be the original work of contestant submitting it. Joint entries are not acceptable. Affix adequate postage.

3. Any resident of the United States may compete except employees of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., its subsidiary companies, its advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.

4. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, November 21, 1948, and received not later than November 29, 1948.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Judging will be done by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. All entries, contents, and ideas therein become property of Thomas J. Lipton, Inc., to be used as it sees fit.

6. The first prize to be awarded at the end of the contest will be $10,000 in cash. There will be 5 prizes of $1,000 each; 50 prizes of $100 each; 150 prizes consisting of Westinghouse Automatic Vacuum Cleaners; and 150 Sunbeam "Mixmaster" Electric Mixers.

7. Major prize winners' names will be announced about four weeks after the close of the contest over the Lipton Tea and Lipton Noodle Soup program: "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts," on CBS each Monday night, also in *The American Weekly*. All winners will be notified by mail. Prize-winner lists will be available approximately six weeks after close of contest and will be obtainable on request to those sending stamped addressed envelopes requesting same.

$1,000 EXTRA!

If you win the grand first prize *and* have your entry on an official entry blank *or* have your dealer sign your entry . . . you'll get $1,000 *extra!* Get that official entry blank at your dealer's *today!*

Let's GO!

THE *Vanishing* CLAIM BOX

No Turfman Will Claim the Horse of a Friend. So the Former Jockey Gambled His Future to Perform a Daring Theft

By Dan Parker

AT LONG last, the identity of the knave who stole the claiming box from under the nose of a stenographer in the office of the racing secretary at Delaware Park three years ago last June is known.

Because the theft was committed for the chivalrous purpose of forestalling a violation of one of the turf's unwritten laws, however, the culprit's identity will remain a secret, and the trainer responsible can continue his shenanigans without fear of being ruled off for life.

A claiming box is something without which no race track could operate for long, because the backbone of every racing program is the lowly claiming race. A claiming box is about three feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep, and is located in the racing secretary's office, where it is easily accessible. It's like an old-fashioned ballot box with a slot on top through which claiming slips may be inserted.

Up to 15 minutes before post time, horsemen may deposit a claim for any horse entered in a claiming race at the stipulated price. Hot or cold, win or lose, alive or dead, the nag is his at the end of the race, unless more than one claim is entered. In that case, lots are drawn.

No turfman will claim the horse of a friend. Some make it a point never to claim a horse although the transaction is legitimate.

The object of the claiming race is to grade horses correctly. It would be silly for an owner to enter a $3,500 plater in a $2,500 claiming race because of the risk he would run of losing his horse to win a purse that might not cover his loss. It would be just as foolish to enter the $3,500 horse in a $5,000 claimer where the nag would be in over his head, because he would be unlikely to win against such competition, though he would be protected against being claimed.

At Delaware Park, in 1945, a former jockey who, for his protection, shall be referred to as Billy Bilkerson, was training for the owner of a small stable. He had the book heaved at him often during his riding career, and he wasn't without sin as a trainer, either. But, to give the devil his due, he regarded friendship as a golden bond.

Billy would dope a horse if he thought he could get away with it and he might even give his jockey instructions to pull his mount. But rather than claim a horse on a friend, Bilkerson would tear up win tickets on a 30-to-1 shot.

On the sweltering June afternoon that the claiming box disappeared, Bilkerson's employer 'phoned him that a gelding he would like to own was running in the third race, a $3,500 claimer.

"Put a claim in for me," instructed the owner, and Bilkerson promised to do so.

On the way to the racing secretary's office, he met a friend and confided that he was about to put a claim in for the gelding, Zipalm (a fictitious name). Bilkerson thought his friend gave him a peculiar look but he didn't discuss the matter. In the secretary's office, the stenographer was busy when Bilkerson walked in, filled out a claiming slip, and dropped it in the box.

As he stepped out of the office, Bilkerson ran into his friend, still standing where he had left him, his eyes filled with reproach.

"Say, who did I murder?" asked the trainer.

"You didn't murder anyone but you're going to do worse to one of your best friends."

For once, the slippery trainer was able to muster up a genuine look of injured innocence.

"Come clean with me, Mac," he pleaded. "What did I do and so help me, I'll cut off an arm to square it—my jockey's arm."

"You have just claimed Zipalm on Billy O'Grady," his friend told him.

"Billy O'Grady! So help me, I didn't know he owned Zipalm," exclaimed Bilkerson.

"Well, it's too late now," said the friend.

"Too late the devil!" exclaimed Bilkerson. "I'll hop horses and I'll run them stiff but nobody can ever say Billy Bilkerson claimed one on a friend. Just tell O'Grady not to worry."

"Fine chance!" said his friend, walking off. "What'll he say when they open the claim box?"

"They'll never open it," said Bilkerson.

While the Secretary's Back Was Turned, the Man Threw His Coat Over the Claim Box and Slipped Noiselessly Out.

Illustrated by
O. F. SCHMIDT

And they never did. After the race when the racing secretary went to look for it, he couldn't find it. He asked his stenographer what had happened to it.

"It was there when Lupes, the trainer for the Goldmere Stables, deposited a slip in it just 16 minutes before post time," she said, panic-stricken. Track detectives were called in.

Poor innocent Lupes (and that's a fictitious name, too) was within a hair's breadth of being ruled off the turf for life because there was a strong circumstantial case against him. Only the sincerity of his desperate plea saved the Jockey Club from being responsible for a gross miscarriage of justice.

What happened that afternoon can now be told. Bilkerson slipped back into the racing secretary's office a few minutes after leaving it the first time. The stenographer was typing, her back turned to Bilkerson, who threw his coat over the claiming box, slipped noiselessly out into the crowd and made his way back to the stable area.

Nobody paid any attention to him as he walked casually along with a bulgy looking coat under his arm that steaming June day.

In his stable, he got an axe, smashed the claiming box to kindling wood and chucked the wood, along with the claim slips the box contained, into the stove on which a tub of water was boiling. That done, he went back and enjoyed the races with a clear conscience.

Never let it be said that Billy Bilkerson, the boy who had been a bull's-eye more than once for the Jockey Club's book, would claim a horse on a friend.

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Have you ever received a telegram and known its contents before you opened it? Have you had sudden premonitions of danger which events in the future bore out?.

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It is "NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES."

It is a story . . . of a man whose uncanny knowledge of the future held so strange and strong a power over a beautiful girl . . . that he could name her exact Destiny on a menacing night "when the stars look down."

Come to scoff . . . but we warn you . . . you may remain to believe!

* * *

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
GAIL RUSSELL
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in Paramount's

"Night has a thousand Eyes"

with **VIRGINIA BRUCE • WILLIAM DEMAREST**

Produced by **ENDRE BOHEM** • Directed by **JOHN FARROW** • Screen Play by Barre Lyndon and Jonathan Latimer

JOHN LUND
tops his top-rank performance in "A Foreign Affair"!

HE TOLD POLICE:

"Suppose you were on a train. You see a cow. Two seconds later you see a tree. Ahead, there's a farmhouse, not yet in your view. The only person who could see all three things at once . . . would be a man on *top* of the train . . . or someone like me . . . who can see the past, the present . . . and the FUTURE!"

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

One Practical Joke Too Many Cost a Radio Comedian His Wife

NOT-SO-FUNNY *Mr. Morgan*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morgan—His "Wit" Wiped the Smile Off Her Face.

By Larry Newman

MRS. ISOBEL MORGAN was taking a shower. Suddenly there was a pounding on the bathroom door and a voice with a thick foreign accent shouted:

"Madame! Come quick! Your husband has been killed in an automobile accident in front of the apartment!"

Stunned for a moment, Mrs. Morgan was about to put on a bathrobe and dash out of the room when she realized what was happening. Her husband, Henry, the funny man of the radio, was merely playing another one of his tricks on her.

At 18, Henry Morgan was one of the youngest announcers on the air waves. At 30, he was discharged from the army because of migraine headaches.

At 31, he had his own daily radio show. At 33, he had wisecracked himself out of a job and a wife.

Actually, it appeared, the sharp-tongued comedian with the barb in his humor was even less funny to his wife than he was to various radio sponsors who took exception to his uninhibited witticisms.

In fact, Morgan's antics in losing his wife and his sponsors proved amusing to Henry himself only at the moment and in the long run he seemed to be a rather sad young man.

"The tragedy of it is," he said in a recent interview with The American Weekly, "I have the highest regard for my wife.

"That's what makes me ashamed of all the things I said and did. I guess I just don't make sense. If I did, I'd be in another line of work. I'd quit radio and go straight—or something."

Radio's most unpredictable comedian didn't like it when the tables were turned.

"I guess I can dish it out, but I can't take it," he said.

There was no question that Morgan could dish it out—and his sponsors didn't take it, at least, not for long.

His wife took it for two years before she packed up and left their New York apartment. Most sponsors gave up in a much shorter time.

Henry lost his first job in Philadelphia when he inserted the name of his station manager in a missing persons list which he read nightly.

In Duluth he locked himself in a studio and played sound effects records over the air for an uninterrupted half hour. He didn't last long in Duluth after that.

In Boston he didn't show up for a program, but took a law exam instead and was fired.

Then in New Jersey, he lost his contract with a dancing spot, which boasted it was only 45 minutes from Times Square, when he ad libbed: "Yes, 45 minutes if you're starting from Times Square on a triple over-drive motorcycle."

He lost still another sponsor—a mint tablet firm—when he accused the firm of stealing the holes from the mints for profit. Over the air, he said he was going to buy up the "holes" and sell them as "Morgan's Mint Middles." He lost that sponsor after a single program.

His debut on a television show, where he was expected to shine, was soundly rapped by the critics.

"I'm a deflater," he said.

"But I guess I knock a lot of things other people like. That's always got me into trouble. Trouble and I seem to get along well together."

When Morgan's wife finally filed a separation suit, which was subsequently withdrawn after a financial agreement, she made it quite clear that she did not appreciate the radio comic's antics.

She saw nothing funny in his slapping her face, criticizing her cooking, throwing her against a wall and suggesting she commit suicide "so all your friends will feel sorry for you."

In his counter-charges Morgan said:

"My wife's capabilities as a cook are extremely limited, and as evidence of such incompetence, my home-cooked meals were quickly thrown together to say the least."

His other charges included a statement that his wife fed him food for thought instead of nutrition and that she had a fractured funny-bone, and couldn't appreciate his type of wit.

But a few weeks later, when remorse set in, radio's Mr. Morgan withdrew all his charges which apparently only seemed funny to him when he made them, and apologized for his words, "We've been pushed so far apart by others," he said, "I don't know whether there can be a reconciliation. Maybe it will wind up in Reno."

That was about the time he lost another sponsor and again was out of a job.

That time the sponsor merely said the option would not be renewed. His critics said that apparently some radio listeners did not enjoy his brand of humor any more than did his wife.

'TWO MEN in a CAVE'

"Skeets" Miller Ignored His Editor's Warning and Risked His Life to Report the Drama of the Man Trapped in the Blackness of a Kentucky Cave

By Charles Renshaw, Jr.

IN the murky, half-light of the Kentucky dawn, the reporter appeared even smaller than he really was.

The men standing at the mouth of the cave looked him over carefully. So this red-haired, 120 pound runt was the city newspaperman.

The reporter, William Burke Miller, began asking questions. What, he wanted to know, was the condition of the man trapped in the cave? And was there any chance of getting him out?

"Why don't you go down and see for yourself?" he was told. "You're about the size to make it."

Miller hesitated. He could hear his editor's final words resounding in his ears: "Don't go in that cave!" Then he nodded agreement.

Thus, on a cold February morning in 1925, began one of America's great newspaper sagas. In the days that followed, the entire nation read hour-by-hour accounts of the death struggle of Floyd Collins, entombed far below the earth in the damp blackness of a Kentucky cave.

The man who got that story, by risking his own life to do it, was "Skeets" Miller of the Louisville Courier-Journal. A $25-a-week reporter with only three years experience, he earned a Pulitzer Prize for his vivid first-hand accounts of Collins' terrible ordeal.

All efforts to rescue Collins were doomed to failure from the outset by the cramped and impassable position in which he was trapped. Nevertheless, the desperate attempt went on.

The story of how Miller covered that assignment and several of the dispatches he wrote during those harrowing days are included in a recently published book, "Star Reporters," by

Illustrated by FRANCES MASON

When Floyd Collins Was Entombed Alive, Miller Crawled After Him. He Went, He Said Later, Because He "Was Ashamed Not To."

Ward Greene (Random House, $3.) Editor and general manager of King Features Syndicate, Greene presents 34 great news stories of the past and describes the circumstances under which they were written.

"On the next to the last day of January in the winter of 1925," says Greene in recounting the tragic story of Floyd Collins, "a native of the sink-hole country of Kentucky, crawling along a black tunnel near his father's farm, wriggled and kicked a little too carelessly.

"Sand crumbled, a boulder fell, pinning his left foot. He tried vainly to free it; later he began to cry out. For he was entombed 60 feet below the earth's surface and more than 100 feet from the slit of daylight he had left in the hope of finding another cavern as enticing to tourists as Mammoth Cave five miles away."

Word of Collins' fate did not reach Louisville, nearly 100 miles away, until more than 24 hours after the 35-year-old bachelor had first been trapped. Even then the stories were garbled. The early Sunday morning edition of the Post came out with a headline declaring, "Collins, Freed, Says Never Again." The rival Courier-Journal said Collins was still entombed.

City Editor Neil Dalton, fearing he had been scooped, called his correspondent at Cave City, the town nearest to the mishap. When he contacted his man at two o'clock Sunday morning, the reporter assured him that the Courier-Journal was correct. Then Dalton went home to bed.

But he couldn't get Collins out of his thoughts. As he considered the matter, he got an idea. He would get the city's new "rescue squad" to go to Collins' aid, under Courier-Journal auspices.

Dalton outlined his idea to Miller, contacted the captain of the rescue squad. Permission was at first granted, but later rescinded.

Dalton was disgusted. It was now Sunday afternoon, and he decided to forget the whole thing. The local man could cover the story.

But Miller had different ideas. He pleaded with Dalton to let him go to Cave City.

"All right," the editor said, "there's a train around seven o'clock tonight. But you have the assignment on one condition—no monkey business. We're not paying you 25 bucks a week to risk your neck. Don't go in that cave!"

When the reporter arrived at the cavern the next morning, he spotted Collins' brother, Homer. After looking the pint-sized Miller over, Homer suggested he go into the cave.

"I guess," Miller later told Greene, "I was ashamed not to go."

Five times, in the ensuing days, the young reporter crawled "headlong into the pitch dark, naked save for a pair of overalls . . ."

"He went in fear, knowing the tortuous length of the tunnel, the rocks that bruised, the loneliness of the silent dark, the chance of another cave-in, the ooze that slid him like a sack on a chute into the lumpy mass at the end of the track, a man who still lived."

Being still alive, the man was in agony. "'I'm cold all over," he told Miller on one occasion, "I believe a drink of liquor would help."

The pint-sized reporter, acting as "pool" man for the army of newspapermen who had gathered at the scene, gave him whiskey and milk. Collins began to talk. "I'm not afraid to die," he said. " . . . I believe I would go to Heaven. But I don't believe I'm going to die."

Brave words, those. But they voiced a vain hope—for on Feb. 16, despite every effort to rescue him, Collins was found dead. The stories Miller wrote about him in those final days, however, assured both reporter and victim an everlasting place in journalism's Hall of Fame.

HARD TIMES

By Austen Lake

LIKE MAHOMET and his mountain, if more Americans do not go to Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo may come to the Americans.

On a recent visit to Monaco, the comic-opera principality on France's south coast, which includes Monte Carlo, I learned that the world famous gambling Casino is rapidly going bankrupt. Only a quick transfusion of American dollars can save it.

Alfred Delpierre, the French ex-naval officer who heads Europe's largest chump-trap, I was told, would like to set up a branch in Havana, Nassau, Agua Caliente or any other neighborly spot where thrill-loving Americans can lose their money in such table games as roulette, baccarat and chemin-de-fer. He would even make concessions to vulgar American taste for "craps," although the freckled dice cubes have never been allowed in Monte Carlo.

Still, Mons. Delpierre is a man to face reality in this changing world and has installed rows of gambling machines in the Casino lobby familiarly known to Florida's barroom and roadhouse trade as "one-arm bandits." These are placed there in case a Monte Carlo client loses all his folding money in the gaming rooms and has a few aluminum French coins left. When I was in Monte Carlo, the franc was worth only one-third of a cent.

Delpierre, I was told, had already sent his scouts to look for the right spot, near American borders, in the hope that the Cuban, Mexican or Nassau governments would grant a monopoly to the company which calls itself the "Societe des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers" (Sea-bathing and Foreigners' Club).

NASSAU was reported to have turned him down, although the English contributed liberally to Monte Carlo's pre-war gambling boom.

At the same time, Cuba and Mexico hadn't said "yes," but they hadn't said "no."

Delpierre indicated that if he got his franchise, he would rear a dream palace surrounded by tinkling fountains, lazy lagoons, pretty floral vistas, all in Monte Carlo miniature, to make losing large sums of money as painless as possible. He has great faith in the sucker population of America.

"It is time for audacity," the little man told his SBM stockholders last May. "American dollars alone have any value. Without them we will bleed to death."

The chief trouble at that time was with currency restrictions which forbade Englishmen from taking more than 50 pounds in fresh cash from their country—scarcely enough for a weekend holiday in Monaco's giddy principality with its 370-acre area—the size of a small farm in the United States.

On top of that, the French government was keeping close tabs on tax dodgers and blackmarketeers who formerly came to Monte Carlo with suitcases filled with 5,000-franc notes.

French detectives from Le Surete knocked off a large number of such well-heeled racketeers who fattened on France's food scarcity. And Scotland Yard bagged numbers of British chiselers, both men and women, who cashed postdated checks in Nice and Monte Carlo.

BEFORE that, from 1940 to '43, German army officers and Nazi bureaucrats brought bundles of printing press francs and ran them through the Casino wringers.

But with the franc at 285 to the dollar and the Italian lira 585, the Casino's lush days were only memories.

"We must look to America," said Delpierre, "and to my good friend, Rene de Leon."

Before becoming the proprietor of Hollywood's Garden of Allah, Rene de Leon had directed Monte Carlo through 14 prosperous seasons, 1922 to '36. But he finally disagreed with hungry SBM shareholders and warned them: "One day your house of cards will tumble around your ears. I go now to secure my old age." That was when he departed for America.

De Leon gave a wry Gallic chuckle when he received Delpierre's invitation to come back to Monte Carlo, provided he could first find some wealthy Americans to invest a shipload of dollars in the Sea-bathing and Foreigners' Club in return for magnificent purple and gold etchings.

"Nice for lighting fires," said de Leon, who has no illusions.

Regardless of how Delpierre might be received in Mexico or Cuba, he was not planning to desert Monaco and his company's lavish properties which include a full-scale theatre, restaurants, a large hotel (de Paris), and horse and dog show pavilions.

Already 350 Casino employes had been fired

In the Sad Empty Rooms of the Casinos the Bored Bankers Grow Old Waiting for the Day When Rich Americans Will Return to Be Plundered.

Among Monte Carlo's Golden Memories Are the Crowded Good Old Days When a King's Ransom Could be Won or Lost at a Single Spin of the Roulette Wheel.

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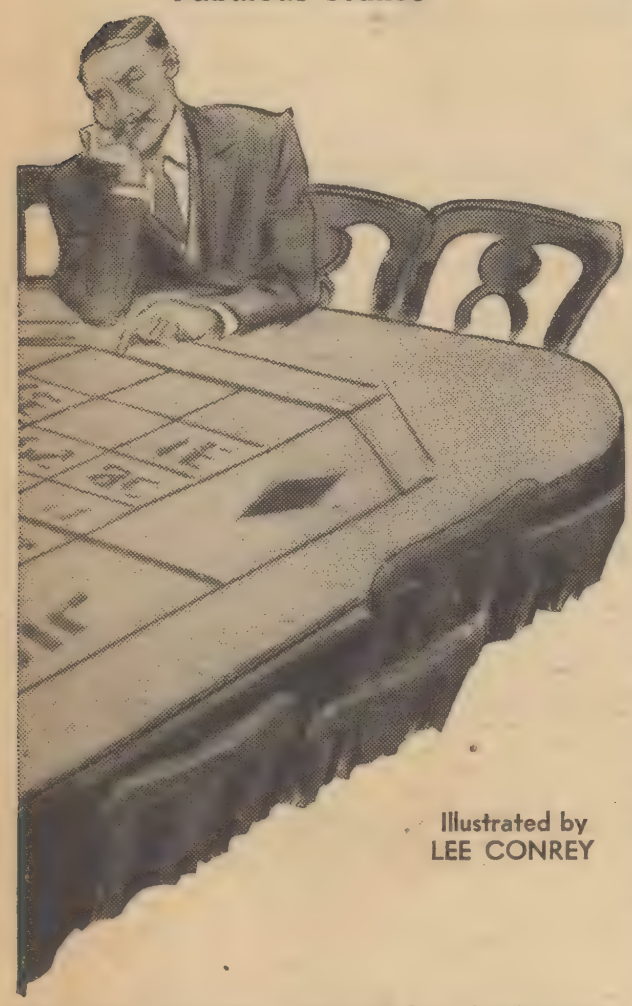
Dolorous Plight of Europe's Famed Gaming Resort Which Seeks to Lure Our Tourists' Yankee Dollars and Has Even Installed One-Arm Bandits to Save From Bankruptcy the Casino Where Once Kings and Multimillionaires Played for Fabulous Stakes



Illustrated by LEE CONREY

with more to follow. The Hotel de Paris was for sale—cheap! Salaries had been trimmed to the cuticle as encouragement to quit. The Casino's 1,500-ton yacht, which cost 30,000,000 francs, was to be auctioned.

"It is humiliating—oui!" said Delpierre. "The old grandeur is gone—perhaps forever."

AFTER making those drastic moves, Delpierre called in his public relations chief, Fred Stone, a middle-aged Englishman (no relation to the U. S. comedian), and said:

"Commence a campaign. Tell Americans about the sun-kissed, cerulean beauties of Monaco; the pleasure of golf on Mount Agel; the magnificent panorama from the coast of Italy to the utmost spurs of Esterel; the pomp of our fetes; the exotic delights of this modern Eden."

Delpierre shook a warning finger:

"But do not mention gambling. Nothing."

Stone's staff turned out pamphlets, press teasers and photo albums by such Paris name-authors as Marcell Michel of the Societe des Gens de Lettres and circulated U. S. press, magazines and tourist agencies.

"Monte Carlo—the international center," they wrote. "That is the only true description to fit this modern Babylon. Monte Carlo's beaches with a gay, shouting, bustling crowd and its graceful water nymphs. Its Olympian swimming pools, the oriental luxury of its hotels . . . a fairy-land of gala nights which our pen declares its powerlessness to depict . . ."

MONAGASQUES, as the 17,000 inhabitants of Monaco are called, began watching American tourist reports with hungry eyes. From Prince Louis II to the pawnbrokers whose shops line the tip-tilted city streets, the question was the same: "When will the Yankees come?"

"Will the Americans come?" asked a veteran croupier who served as my guide and confidant.

"Regard these riff-raff," he said, sweeping contemptuous eyes around the Salle Prive, the inner gambling sanctum where once only the elite and wealthy of Europe were privileged to melt down their bankrolls. "Small fry. Incurables who play with prune pits. They don't even pay for the electric light."

He indicated a 1,000-franc (minimum) table where a small circle of nondescripts placed chips with slit-eyed caution.

"In the old days," he said, mournfully, "I was chief of this wheel. I have seen archdukes and crown princes and millionaires play for king's ransoms on a single spin of the ball. Sir Basil Zaharoff, the munitions Croesus—the man who promoted wars, lost a million francs at a sitting without disarranging a hair—$200,000 then but Poof! a mere $3,000 now."

That might be wall paper money to some people, but it's life's blood to the Sea-bathers and Foreigners' Club which fattens on other people's adversity, but suffers excruciating agony over its own.

Still there is no record of a SBM stockholder shooting himself, sipping poison or jumping into the sea, as did an average of a hundred gamblers a year, who had dropped fortunes down the Casino drain during its heyday.

OCCASIONALLY, a heavy loser still kills himself—one of the latest being a Paris insurance broker who spiked a glass of champagne with arsenic, lifted it in a macabre toast, drank, shouted "Banco," and fell dead. (Banco is the term a baccarat player uses when he wishes to play for the entire capital of the table—all or nothing!)

"You don't have many suicides now," I suggested to Fred Stone, as we sat in his dingy, third floor office.

Stone bristled. "Preposterous," he replied. "A malicious legend." But the corner of Monaco's cemetery where uncounted rows of headstones mark the graves of self homicides, some named and some unknown, tells a different story. Yet noticeably the gendarme who used to guard the spot called "suicide's leap"—sheer drop into the blue Mediterranean—has been removed as an economy measure.

The gendarmerie at Beaulieu, a small French coastal town four miles to the west, tells another version. For a steady current flows along the face of the Casino and sweeps down the coast to Beaulieu's sandy shore.

"We had the body of a man last month and one the month before," the desk sergeant told me. "Women commit suicide over love, but rarely over money. We don't get many women's bodies. Still it isn't anything like the old days when we had three or four suicides a week. Never anything of value in their pockets. Usually no identification."

SOME bankrupt gamblers remain in Monaco like old ghosts haunting the scene of their catastrophe, wandering around embalmed in their memories—like a once gallant but now doddering old Prince of the Russian Czarist regime.

The old man, with quavering chin and watery eye, stood peering over the gamblers' shoulders with a cynical half smile.

"He lost an immense fortune before World War I," said my croupier friend. "He has nothing left and lives on a Casino pension! Delpierre hasn't gotten around to that."

Until he does the pauperized Prince maintains the broken-down punctillio forms of royalty in a Monaco hallroom.

There was a sneaking suspicion among Monagasques that Delpierre's plan for establishing a Casino near the United States was merely an ace up his sleeve in case of a showdown with the Monaco government, the trade unions, and crusty 72-year-old Prince Louis II, ruler of the principality. The Prince, I was told, was angry at their unionized employes, who were angry at the lowered wages.

A croupier—aristocrat among the gambling workers—gets around 22,000 francs a month ($66) and every Monagasquen kid dreams of eventually becoming a croupier, just as most American boys yearn to emulate Babe Ruth and Ted Williams.

In Monaco, $66 is a fat income.

I ALSO heard that there was a strong possibility that Prince Louis might join footloose, displaced royalty who have sought sanctuary in the United States.

Monagasques don't like the Prince.

They don't like his family, either, with the single exception of the heir apparent, Prince Rainier, a 33-year-old veteran of the French army.

Prince Rainier's mother is Princess Charlotte, daughter of Prince Louis and Marie Juliette Louvet, a French washwoman Louis met and married in Algiers in 1897 while serving in the French army.

Old Prince Albert of Monaco, Prince Louis' father, refused to recognize his son's marriage, but when Charlotte was 14, a royal proclamation declared that she was "a member of the royal house of Grimaldi, with respect and honors due her blood and position."

Charlotte married Prince Pierre Polignac of ancient French nobility, bore him Prince Rainier and Princess Antoinette and then eloped to Italy with a Roman doctor.

She renounced her claim to the throne in favor of her son, Prince Rainier.

Old Prince Louis married his 48-year-old favorite, Dame Ghislaine Dommanget, daughter of a retired French colonel, author of "How to Train Bloodhounds," in 1946 after she had lived at the palace for three years.

DURING the Nazi occupation Louis saw her play the role of Duke of Reichstadt in "L'Aiglon" and enthusiastically invited her to his palace.

As soon as she attained the rank of Princess-Consort, Ghislaine began giving mask balls and hi-de-ho parties that kept palace lights ablaze and the nights noisy to the indignation of the impoverished Monagasques. But Prince Louis was still drawing his fat annual pension of 15,000,000 francs ($50,000) and the Government of Monaco got a like sum.

If the hoped-for horde of U. S. dollar-bearing tourists fails to shower down and if the Casino has to put up its shutters, the House of Grimaldi will have to get out and hustle with a tin cup and a fiddle.

In which case France, which has assumed an attitude of an indulgent daddy toward the almost fictional Graustarkian infant, may rub it off the map as a public nuisance.

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So I built our house Myself

Owning Her Own Home Seemed Like an Impossible Dream to the Atlanta Mother of 22 Children — Until She Solved the Housing Problem With Her Own Hands

By Mrs. Maude Ethel Pope

IT HAD happened again. Almost every time I had a baby—and I've had 22—our current landlord seemed to figure that our family was getting too large and told us to move.

This time the excuse was that the owner's married son needed a place to live. So did we. I was desperately tired of moving. I talked to a friend who was having a house built, and the prices he quoted staggered me. I watched the workers on some construction jobs and I said to Bill, my husband:

"I could do as well as they do."

"Oh, yeah?" he said, joking. "I dare you."

I was putting out a big wash on the clothesline that wasn't going to be ours much longer when I made up my mind. Up to then, the idea of owning our own home had just been a dream, like having a fur coat or taking a trip to California. I decided then and there to build one with my children's help.

The thought of asking Bill's assistance just didn't occur to me. He was driving a truck six days a week and I figured he needed some rest on the seventh.

Bill's family used to live next door to mine in a little Georgia town. One day at the well, when he was seven and I was 11, he said:

"Maudie, I'd like to marry you."

I said, "Do you drink liquor?"

He said he didn't, so I married him, falsifying my age. We moved to Atlanta that same day to get away from my father, who was mighty mad, and we've lived here ever since. In 27 years we've never had a real quarrel.

When I decided to build the house, I quit my job of running a power machine at a cotton mill, which had let us to put a little money aside. We bought a lot outside the Atlanta city limits, and a couple of tents to sleep in while the house was going up. Although I have had 13 children at home at one time, there were only seven of us then. It was fun camping out on our own property.

I didn't know anything about carpentry, but I got some books from the library and studied them. I asked questions of every skilled workman I could find, and even sent some queries to 14-year-old John's manual arts teacher. He became interested and stopped by to advise us. The youngsters scoured the neighborhood for cast-off scraps of lumber and magazines with building hints.

After we put up a foundation of concrete blocks, Bill helped to lay the sills one Sunday. They were too heavy for me to handle.

Thomas, my 16-year-old, was the only child who wasn't thrilled. He wanted to make the school football team, but after the frame began to go up he was so excited that he skipped football practice on Saturdays to help.

Saturdays were the days when we all pitched in. My oldest daughter, Dorothy, came over with her baby to cook a noon meal so I wouldn't have to stop a minute. Sara Beatrice, the second married girl, was mostly interested in decorating and color schemes, but I remember one Saturday I put her to work planing a door down to size.

John, whose manual arts training was a blessing, was cutting two-by-fours. Tom and I were nailing them up, while Betty Jean, 11, held them in place. Eight-year-old Bobby ran back and forth with hammers and saws, and I considered that Mary Louise, four, and Phillip Odell, two, were making real contributions as long as they just played in the sawdust and kept out of the way.

Our biggest problem was the rafters. I got a carpenter to cut one for a sample, but John disagreed about the angle and the rest of the family took sides and we almost had a free-for-all. That's the way it was all the way through. Whenever there was a disagreement I had to be the umpire, and sometimes I was wrong and we had to do the job all over again.

The rafter row came out all right, though. After we had them cut and notched, my oldest son, Bill, Jr., came over one Sunday and helped to put them up. He had his own family to worry about, and that was the only time I called on him.

I fell while I was nailing the sheathing on the roof. I was expecting another baby, and Bill was worried. He rushed me to City Hospital. The doctor said I was all right, but the boys kept me off ladders after that. They put on the roofing and the imitation-brick siding. Since then the baby, John Martin—my 22d—has been born.

The family even wanted to tackle plumbing and wiring, and John had secretly saved tin cans for weeks, hoping to surprise me with a plan for putting them together to make pipe. I put my foot down that time. I said we'd have to do without plumbing and also use kerosene lamps until we could afford to hire professionals.

I was worried when the building inspectors came, but they were more lenient than those in Atlanta, which was one of the reasons we picked a site outside the city limits. They checked to be sure we had more than 600 square feet and passed us without a complaint. It was a relief.

The house was started in August. It was May when we moved in. I tallied up. The strain on our pocketbook hadn't overtaxed us and the strain on us hadn't been too great. My fall was the only near-calamity. Betty Jean almost lost a fingernail by whamming it with a hammer, John sawed through one knee of his blue jeans, Sara Beatrice cut her hand and Phillip got a stomach ache from licking the paste off wallpaper, but we were in our own home and very, very happy.

Mrs. Pope Didn't Know Much About Carpentry but With the Imaginative Aid of Her Family She Moved Into Her Self-Made House in Nine Months.

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

SECRETS OF THE SEA

By Win Brooks

NIGHT wears thin upon the grindstone of the dawn. In the savannah of alangilang grass a fire-back pheasant screams. It is a cry like invective from the tongue of a lovely woman. In the bamboo, a tiger coughs.

The pheasant, having slept, prepares to feed. The tiger, having fed, prepares to sleep. And down from the Bukit Barisan, the volcanic range of Sumatra, a little wind comes feeling its way, making up its mind. It shuffles the moist heat, stirs the moss orchids and the giant blossoms of rafflesia, rattles the bamboo and flaps the eucalyptus leaves.

This is the first breath of the southwest monsoon which will prevail until October. It grows in strength as the light grows. The light gulps shadow. Abruptly above the Strait of Malacca the sun explodes.

On this late May morning of 1947 a vessel shows for a short minute in silhouette against the fireball leaping from the flat of the Malay peninsula across the strait. She is the only vessel in sight. Study her carefully because this story is about her. Study her objectively—but do not get too close.

She is a cargo steamer of fair size, about 5,000 tons. From her single rust-flaked funnel the freshening monsoon draws a trail of black smoke. She is 40 years old and she has had a dozen owners, some of whom, for reasons best known to themselves, never cared to admit it. Like a woman who lives by her wits, she has used in her lifetime—now nearly run—a dozen names. Her most recent shows in white lettering across her stern: Ourang Medan.

IN THE Malay tongue, Ourang Medan means Man of Medan. And it is bad luck to give a vessel a name denoting the masculine gender; a ship is always a woman. Keep that in mind.

In the dawn, this vessel, named of ill-fortune, is standing down the Strait of Malacca for the Java Sea, apparently having cleared Medan under cover of darkness. Aboard her are at least 23 men: a white captain and a conglomerate crew native to the islands of and about Indonesia.

She is grimy and salt-scalded. She is deep with a cargo of God-knows-what and bound for God-knows-where. She will make a course across the Java Sea and the Arafura Sea, through thin-lipped Torres Strait and so into the Coral Sea and easterly over the water courses between myriad islands of the South Pacific on a lane few steamers use.

These things you make of her and you also keep in mind. You will glimpse her but once again, too briefly, on a June afternoon a month later. She has moved steadily east, southeast, on a transpacific course south of the equator, past the Solomons, past the Santa Cruz group, into that region of the South Seas where Lloyd's of London says anything can happen.

Something has obviously happened to the Ourang Medan, because she is no longer moving at all except as vagary of wind and current. No smudge of smoke shows above her stacks. She lies broadside to the light breeze in the surface drift of a hot and placid sea, over one of the ocean deeps, out of sight of any island.

She has developed a slight list. An ominous silence envelops her. No life shows aboard. One lifeboat is missing from davits swung outboard.

DEAD at their posts, unwounded, their features fixed in a nameless terror of agony, lie her captain and 21 members of her crew. At least one man has got away.

Look about for that missing lifeboat. Scan the blazing surface in all directions for it. No sign of it.

Then turn your gaze back to the Ourang Medan, for the key to this mystery lies with the ship itself.

What ship?

There is no ship.

The Ourang Medan has vanished.

* * *

There are no mysteries as tantalizing as those of the sea.

All the surfaces of earth have been explored and what lies within the earth, miles deep, man knows.

The secrets of the skies are being swiftly unfolded. Man flies above the topmost clouds, inspects the planets through powerful telescopes, launches his balloons 20 miles above earth to record the cosmic rays, drives his rockets to heights that stretch the imagination, bounces a radar signal off the face of the sterile moon.

But of the sea and the ways of the sea and especially of the deeps of the sea, man still has only a fragmentary knowledge. His submarines and diving bells are exploring instruments for the comparative shallows. His sound devices have no eyes. His sounding weights attached to steel cables reveal only the depth, not what lies within the depth. The deeps withhold their secrets in thousands of cubic miles of challenging oceans: strange monsters, strange turbulences, strange happenings.

And something of the strangeness of the deeps rises occasionally to the surface to provide mankind with a mystery never to be solved except by conjecture.

Strange happenings—a wind arose to wreck the Spanish Armada and save an empire. A little

As the Boarding Party Clambered Onto the Deck, They Were Horrified by the Sight of Convulsed Bodies Strewn Everywhere.

To the Oft-Told Tales of Mystery Ships, Add the Strange Story of the Drifting Ourang Medan and Its Cargo of Dead Men

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

patch of itinerant fog on a clear day brought S.S. Empress of Ireland and S.S. Storstadt together with loss of 1,023 lives. A British admiral drove HMS Camperdown and HMS Victoria together in a maneuver protested by his captains. "Unsinkable" Titanic's insufficient lifeboats were not filled.

Ships that vanish completely are the most engrossing mysteries of all. Old ships like the Mary Celeste, sometimes miscalled the Marie Celeste. Like the Waratah. Like the navy collier, Cyclops. They sailed, they disappeared and none ever to say with certainty what became of them.

Those are old stories, told and retold. The story of Ourang Medan is new and perhaps it will turn out to be the strangest of them all.

There is nothing in all the world quite so lonely and forlorn as a sinking ship, wrote Frank H. Shaw.

Certainly there is nothing stranger, lonelier, more forlorn than a drifting ship of dead men about to be swallowed by the deep.

* * *

The story of the Ourang Medan first came to light half way around the world from where she vanished, and six months later. It was printed in a Holland newspaper, Elsevier's Weekly, last January. A month later it appeared again in the London press with little added detail but some additional conjecture. Dutch circles in Africa were disturbed.

In Holland, in Africa, in London and in Indonesia an investigation has been made and the results are at hand. London reports:

"Some quarters in Holland and in Far Eastern waters consider it best to let the whole matter drop and would like it to be considered an exaggerated or even untrue story. But our research indicates this tragedy did happen."

Lloyd's says: "For the moment it has us sunk as well."

The original story appearing in Elsevier's Weekly purported to be that of an Italian officer on a vessel which answered a distress call from Ourang Medan. It was accompanied by a photograph showing the second officer of Ourang Medan sprawled in death on the bridge. Some of the details from the Italian officer's logbook follow:

His vessel was about 400 miles southeast of the Marshall Islands when it picked up a radio signal: "SOS from ship Ourang Medan. Ships with SW get urgent DH medico."

THE message was considered strange because a stand-by request for medical aid by short wave was preceded by the SOS disaster signal.

Ourang Medan wirelessed her position and said: "We are floating. Second officer dead on bridge. Captain and chief engineer dead in chartroom. Probably whole crew dead. Partly . . ."

This was followed by a confusing succession of dots and dashes "as if the hand of the operator was still banging automatically on the transmitter in death agony."

Then three last words came through from Ourang Medan: "I am dying."

Efforts to contact her again failed. The rescue ship turned toward her. The Italian officer had Ourang Medan's registry, though Lloyd's had not. He described her and said she was used between 1935 and 1937 as a transport for Chinese troops.

The Ourang Medan was located early in the afternoon of the following day, 50 miles from the position given, flying no flag, listing slightly to starboard as if cargo might have shifted. All lifeboats but one hung inboard on davits. A boarding party was sent alongside when there was no response to the loud-hailer.

Everywhere dead bodies. A dead dog also. The most frightening thing was the spasmodic attitude of the bodies and the convulsive expression of the faces.

No signs of blood or violence. In the wireless room the young operator lay dead with his earphones on, hand at his key.

An inspection of cabins was under way when the rescue ship hailed the boarding party with a warning that smoke had been observed coming from No. 4 Hatch of Ourang Medan. The boarders scrambled down ropes to their boat and were only a few yards away when an explosion occurred between decks and flames leaped from the hatch. Three more explosions followed, the Ourang Medan was enveloped by flames, heeled over and sank.

The editor of the Dutch newspaper could throw no further light on the subject. He had bought the story and picture from the Italian officer and the latter had vanished.

Conjecture ran the gamut from radioactive substances to piracy by the actual vessel purporting to have been on a rescue mission. The picture of the second officer was said to look like that of a man who had been shot in the back.

LONDON believes Ourang Medan was a Dutch vessel taken by the Indonesians when the Japs were defeated, perhaps engaged in gun-running or smuggling. The Indonesians would not admit knowing her because she carried illicit cargo and their case against the Dutch was in a delicate stage with the good offices commission of the United Nations.

Where was she bound? Her southeast course indicates she may have been bound for Africa.

What did she carry? What caused her list? Why was there no sign of fire when she was first sighted? If some deadly fumes had developed from shifting cargo, why were not members of the boarding party affected by them?

Only the sea itself can answer—or the occupants of that missing lifeboat if they survived.

But wait. Here is a report just in from London which says a lone survivor of Ourang Medan is believed to have landed on a small Pacific island where he told a missionary that the ship's crew was asphyxiated by poison gas created by two chemical substances getting mixed in the holds. He left the ship against orders, alone in the single lifeboat launched.

That could be the answer—but there are no names and no details, and similar reports turned up after the vanishing of other ships and proved without foundation. If this is true it does not explain why members of the boarding party detected no fumes and were unaffected.

SANCTUARY *for an Outcast Heroine*

By Wirt Williams, Jr.

THIS is the story of a brave woman and a grateful nation. The story of almost unbelievable heroism inspired by faith in God and the wisdom of His ways. It begins at a Japanese check point on Leyte in 1944.

A Japanese guard seized a thin, ragged Filipino girl. "Where do you think you're going?" he asked. "Search her," ordered his companion.

The girl began to open her blouse. A soldier recoiled as though lashed in the face. He leaped back and pushed his companion away.

"Go!" he shouted, his voice trembling in fear. "Get out of here fast!"

What terrified him was the sight of lesions of leprosy, known now as Hansen's Disease.

The girl shuffled away and reported to a command post of the U. S. Army's famed 37th Buckeye Division, then fighting hard on Leyte.

She handed the officer in charge a map of a freshly sown minefield in an area the 37th was scheduled to attack. She had carried it almost 60 miles through whole Jap encampments.

The bravery of that slender girl, known as "Billie" to American intelligence officers, undoubtedly had saved thousands of lives on that one occasion. There were many other times. Her intelligence and courage aided greatly our military plans and saved Americans from death.

But she always had help in her espionage from another source—her affliction. Age-old taboos and superstitions aided her in moving within the enemy lines.

Because of her heroism, Mrs. Josefina Guerrero, now nationally known as "Joey," was recently admitted to the United States for treatment which she hoped would cure her and enable her to aid others in her native land where she had served so valiantly for the American armies.

"God sometimes does strange things to achieve His purpose," she said, after arriving at Carville Hospital, the national Leprosarium in Louisiana. "We must not question them."

Joey's arrival at Carville was the happy ending to a long and very often tragic story.

As "Joey" Began to Open Her Blouse, the Terrified Jap Soldiers Ran From the Sight of Her Mottled Skin

Illustrated by ROBERT SKEMP

Before the war, she was a beautiful, popular young matron of Manila society. Educated in a convent, at 18 she married a brilliant young doctor. They had a daughter. The three lived an almost idyllically happy life until 1941. Then disaster struck twice. Joey noticed marks on her skin.

The doctor's verdict was Hansen's Disease.

"In the Philippines," she said, "there is a taboo associated with the disease. It can even ruin the career of relatives of the person afflicted. There was nothing for me to do but leave." So Joey and her husband parted.

She retired to the seclusion of a small cottage, where she received private treatment. Then came the Japs. There was no medicine. Treatment stopped.

Alone, with only her faith and prayer to sustain her, she joined the underground, knowing capture would mean death, or worse—Japanese torture.

She performed many hazardous tasks. Jap soldiers, seeing her lesions, would not search her. She could go where others could not—despised and feared by the enemy.

The disease had not yet shown itself on her pretty, vivacious face in 1943. In that year, she slipped into a party given by Japanese officers at Santo Tomas University. She drew a map of the fortifications of the university. It was very valuable later for American bombers.

When American troops landed on Leyte, Joey handed them a map of fortifications along the Manila waterfront and American guns pounded the fortifications to bits.

Joey carried messages through Jap lines. She nursed soldiers on the battlefield where others feared to go—for she had been assured by doctors that chances of passing her disease to others were negligible.

Her affliction made her heedless to personal safety. "That woman is too brave for me," an American soldier said.

A Grateful America Will Treat Mrs. Guerrero for Leprosy —the Disease Which Enabled Her to Aid Our Army Because the Superstitious Enemy Shunned Her With Horror

Then the war was over. Joey's only possessions were the ragged clothes she wore.

Jesuits gave her sanctuary. But the military commander regretfully ordered her to the overcrowded Leprosarium at Novaliches.

Still fighting and trusting in Providence, she got the help of prominent friends. Still there were no drugs for treatment. Ex-GIs sent her money, the War Department awarded her the Medal of Freedom with silver palm, but still the disease progressed.

Frank Gaines, a former UNRRA official in Manila and one-time mayor of Berkeley, Calif., called Joey's plight to the attention of Father Clement Berberich, of San Francisco, head of the lay group of the Third Order of St. Francis, who had worked for years bringing comfort and spiritual aid to patients of Novaliches.

Father Clement sent money for her passage and Gaines got permission from the Attorney General of the United States to allow the heroine to enter the country she had aided so much.

When Joey arrived in San Francisco she was accorded the welcome fit for a princess. Officials of two governments, civic and military authorities and leaders of the clergy were among the hundreds who crowded the dock to greet her. Women rushed forward to embrace her. Others thrust flowers and gifts into her hands.

In other places and other less-enlightened times, there would have been no such welcome.

At Carville, sulfone drugs were administered and doctors said some day Joey might be an arrested case with no visible signs of the disease. Her goal was to go back to the islands and help people similarly afflicted.

Joey was a bright sign and a symbol of a new birth of freedom for victims of the disease.

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Dreamed an Accident

ALEC COPPEN, 25-year-old medical student, shuddered in his sleep one morning recently just after daybreak. Nightmarish fingers were plucking at him. Finally they seized him and bore him out of his dormitory room at Bristol University, in England.

Across campus and countryside his dream carried him, to a highway he recognized. It was near an Army camp from which he had been demobilized.

Down this highway a truck was moving. A British Army truck. Coppen read the regimental markings and unit number.

An intersection loomed sharply ahead, with an automobile rushing toward it from a side road. Coppen struggled vainly to cry out.

THE two machines collided with a terrible crash. The automobile rolled over and two bodies hurtled from it to lie beside the highway. A man and a woman, the latter in a bright green coat. Neither moved.

The truck careened from the road and rammed a big tree. The driver, a red-haired corporal, climbed out slowly and stared around.

"In the car!" Coppen tried to shout. "In the car—there's a child trapped!" But he couldn't utter a sound. The scene suddenly faded and he awakened, back in his room at school.

With the details vivid in his mind, Coppen arose and jotted them down. They would make an interesting report for the University's Psychological Research Society, of which Coppen is president.

The society has 20 undergraduate members, all pledged to record their dreams frankly and fully, immediately on awakening.

Coppen tossed his completed report to his roommate, who had just awakened. Then he turned on the radio and started dressing.

"We interrupt the reading of the news to bring this special bulletin," the broadcaster was saying. "There has just been a serious accident on the highway. An Army truck hit a private automobile injuring a man and woman, perhaps fatally—"

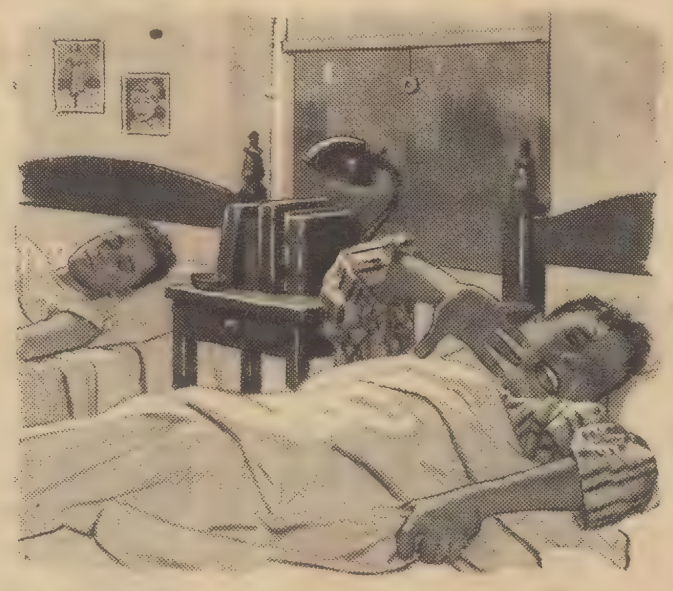
"Hey, that's your dream!" Coppen's roommate yelled.

The man at the microphone continued with more details bearing out what Coppen had written down 10 minutes earlier. Even the regimental and unit numbers on the Army truck tallied.

"We have just received additional information from the scene," the broadcaster added. "A child was also injured. It has just been rescued from the car."

COPPEN'S dream-view of the accident caused a sensation among the undergraduate researchers into the subconscious, and publication of the story in London created a stir among scientists and students of psychic phenomena. Some hailed it as one of the most remarkable instances of what is called "precognition" ever to be recorded.

The experts are still trying to determine how Coppen, in his sleep, was able to see an accident that was happening miles way. "If we can solve this," said one, "we will have made a long advance toward settling one of mankind's most ancient riddles—whether dreams can foretell the future."



"In the Car!" the Dreamer Tried to Shout. "There's a Child Trapped in the Car!"

Embarrassing Moments

ONE family of our acquaintance is notorious for their practical jokes. Their home is generally booby-trapped with such deceptive little trick gadgets as exploding cigarettes and soapy-tasting candy. Knowing this, I am generally on my guard whenever I pay them a visit.

On one visit, they offered me a glass of beer. Being suspicious, I declined, and when they insisted, I felt certain that it was one of those fake beer glasses filled with solid, amber-colored glass and an imitation foam. Thinking to pay them back with some of their own medicine, I laughed and tossed it high into the air. That's right—it was real beer, and you could smell it in their carpet for a week! **C. Bannett, New York, N.Y.**

The American Weekly will pay $2 for each letter published on "My Most Embarrassing Moment." All property in the material submitted shall belong to The American Weekly and no manuscripts can be returned. Address "Embarrassing Moments," The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y.

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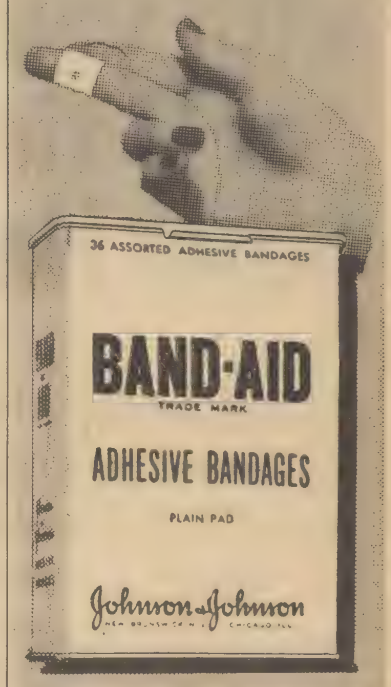

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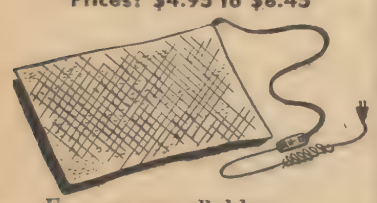

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Teen-Age Tempest

A Break for Younger Sisters

By URSULA TROW

LITTLE Arline Pedersen, 13, of the Bronx, N. Y., who was having so much trouble with her older sister, has many sympathizers. Arline's main complaint was that her mother won't let her make a little extra money baby-sitting, though her sister, only a year older, is allowed to do so.

Many readers sent suggestions which, they hoped, would help Arline with her problem.

One Little Girl Takes Her Little Sister Along on Baby-Sitting Jobs Whenever There Are Two or More Children to Handle.

Ethel Oakford, of Hazel Park, Mich., thinks Arline could get permission to baby-sit if a girl friend of the same age went along with her.

Mrs. J. J. Kayler, of Alliance, Ohio, suggests Arline do her baby-sitting in the afternoons, while mothers go shopping or to clubs.

Pat Cannon, of Pasadena, Calif., says Arline and her sister ought to be pals since they're only a year apart. And she thinks Arline's sister ought to take her along once in a while on a baby-sitting job, so Arline can learn how to handle small children.

Arlene Cox, of Santa Ana, Calif., tells about a system she has worked out with her 16-year-old sister, Elsie. She writes, "Since children make my sister nervous I take care of the children and halve the money with her." She feels this is only right, since her sister helps their mother with the housework, so that Arlene can go out to take care of children.

Sally Brown, 14, of Portland, Ore., says she was quite disturbed about Arline's problem. Sally has a younger sister, Pat, 12, whom she loves very much, and she didn't want her to feel the way Arline felt. So she worked out this system: Whenever she goes to a house where there are two or more children to take care of, she asks Pat to go along and help. It doesn't cost the parents any more, the girls split the money and everybody's happy.

Margaret Allen, of McKeesport, Pa., is 12 years old and is permitted to baby-sit so she doesn't see why Arline isn't. But she suggests that Arline help around the house and prove to her parents that she can be dependable; then maybe they'll let her baby-sit.

Joan Perkins, 14, of Baltimore, Md., thinks Arline is unfair in her attitude toward her sister. She thinks Arline ought to try to be pals with her sister, and she ought to realize that the reason her sister gets things first isn't any planned campaign against Arline. Her sister merely happened to be born first.

C. M. Coldren, of Canton, Ohio, thinks big sisters have plenty to gripe about too, especially if they have younger brothers. As for Arline, if her sister was allowed to baby-sit when she was Arline's age, then Arline should be allowed to do so, too. If her sister didn't baby-sit last year, then Arline has no complaint.

Well, now that little sister has had her say, how about some of you big sisters? Have you got any "big sister blues?" Here's your chance to tell us about them. Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Dress Right—For Whom?

MARGO SELBY, of San Antonio, Tex., says she needs help with a dressing problem. Suppose, she writes, that you're on your way to the movies and you and your boy friend get as far as the street car stop—when suddenly your date makes an uncomplimentary remark about your hair-do, or shoes, or the dress you're wearing.

Should you go home and change to please him? Or should you laugh it off and not pay any attention to his criticism? In other words, should you dress to please yourself or to please your boy friend? And how about it, fellows? You ought to have a few opinions on this, too.

Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor.

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- Air-cooled aluminum head motor
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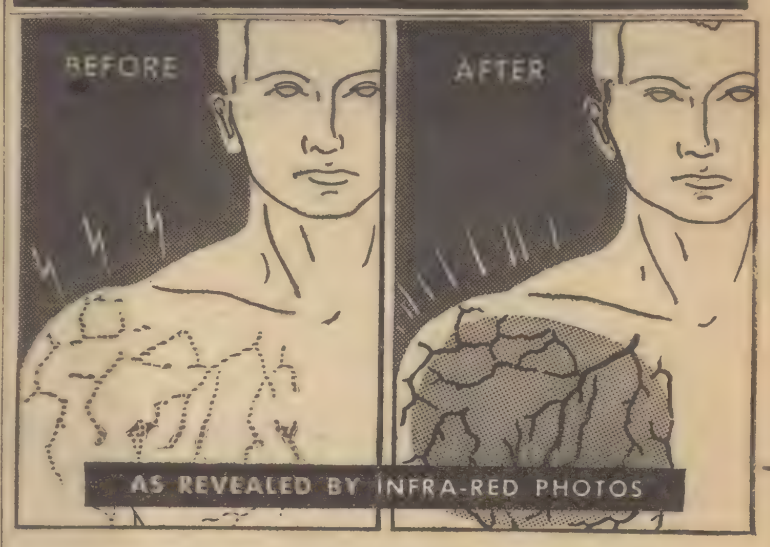

VITAL NEWS FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Now modern science reveals *why* Sloan's is "the greatest name in pain-relieving liniments"... why so many users get such amazing relief from rheumatic aches, neuralgia, stiff-neck and sore muscles, with either Sloan's Liniment or Balm. Working with infra-red rays, scientists have photographed the blood vessels below the skin surface. These photos show that after the application of Sloan's on the skin, there is a noticeable expansion of the sub-surface veins . . . evidence that an *extra* supply of blood has been brought to the pain area. This extra blood revitalizes the painful tissues and also carries away waste matter and poisons. (See drawings above, made by a physician, based on photos.)

Scientists have proved further that this beneficial action penetrates deep down below the surface and *lasts for hours*. You not only *feel* the welcome comfort, you also *know* that the all-important increased flow of blood is getting at the spot where the pain is.

Always see your doctor about rheumatism. Meanwhile, to help relieve rheumatic pains, use Sloan's Liniment or the new Sloan's Balm *regularly, every morning* and *evening*. Ask for "the greatest name in pain-relieving liniments"—

SLOAN'S
LINIMENT or BALM

Scotland Yard Caught a Murderer but Not Even He Could Explain Why His Pretty Victim Used an Assumed Name

"I Don't Know What You Mean," Protested the Accused Man to Inspector Leach. The Oddly Assorted Evidence on the Table Was Conclusive.

By Peter Levins

THE curtain rose on what was to be known in English crime annals simply as "the Yarmouth Murder" at 6:10 a. m., Sunday, Sept. 23, 1900, when John Norton, a bathing machine attendant, discovered the body on the beach and at once summoned the police.

The victim, a young woman, lay on her back, hands by her sides, fingers tightly clenched. Her hair was down, her face was scratched and bruised. Sand clogged her mouth and hair.

She had been strangled by a mohair bootlace tightly tied in a reef knot.

It was assumed that she had been lured to this spot for a tryst, since this section of beach, remote and secluded after nightfall, had long been a favorite resort of romantic couples.

At the mortuary, she was identified as a Mrs. Hood who had been lodging at No. 3, Row 114, Yarmouth. The landlady at that address, Mrs. Rudrum, said that Mrs. Hood had arrived with her baby daughter on Sept. 15. On the 22d, she asked the landlady to look after the baby and left between 6:30 and 7 to keep an appointment.

Mrs. Rudrum remembered that her boarder had mentioned a jealous brother-in-law who had been pursuing her. This, presumably, had been the person she had gone to meet.

Mrs. Rudrum's daughter, Alice, said she saw Mrs. Hood standing outside the house under an arch. She said she heard a man say:

"You understand, don't you? I am placed in an awkward position just now."

Mrs. Hood, inquiry showed, had been seen in the bar of the South Quay distillery at about 10 p. m. in the company of a young man. He was described as spare and "alert looking," with a waxed mustache, and "had the appearance of being a clerk or commercial traveler." He'd had little to say.

The manager of the tavern said he remembered them particularly because, much interested in macrame work, he had remarked on the unusual sleeve trimming of the young woman's coat. He had even made a sketch of it for future use as a pattern.

Mrs. Rudrum declared that when Mrs. Hood left the house she was wearing a silver watch with a long gold chain, and was carrying a small handbag. These articles were missing.

Two clues were uncovered: a laundry mark, "599," on one of the baby's undergarments, and an envelope bearing a Woolwich (East London) postmark.

However, the local police could make no progress in the mystery. That laundry mark, for instance. In the London district alone there were scores of persons whose linen bore the mark "599." Domestic servants were often given the same marks as their employers, and sometimes, when a family vacated a house, their mark would be "inherited" by the next occupants.

Finally the Yarmouth authorities could see no hope of a solution except through the assistance of the London metropolitan police (Scotland Yard). Accordingly, Chief Inspector Leach and Inspector Gough took over the investigations. Both were officers of wide experience and talents in criminal inquiries.

But it was not until early November that their painstaking efforts bore fruit.

Following the clue of the laundry mark, they had been led first to a negative conclusion—that Hood had not been the real name of the victim; and subsequently to a positive conclusion—that the victim might have been a woman named Bennett, who had recently lived at No. 1, Glencoe Villas, Bexley Heath.

For one thing, her laundry mark had been "599." For another, she had packed her things and left with her infant daughter, Ruby, on Sept. 15, and had not come back, although she had intimated that she would be gone for only a week or so.

Inspectors Leach and Gough learned that her husband, from whom she had recently become separated, had called at the Glencoe Villas place several days after the murder, explained that Mrs. Bennett had fallen ill and would remain in the country "indefinitely," and then fetched away her little dog which she had left behind.

SOON it was established beyond question that Mrs. Hood and Mrs. Bennett had been one and the same person.

Now this picture unfolded:

Born Mary Jane Clarke on Aug. 28, 1877, the victim, a talented musician, had become a piano teacher while still in her teens. One of her pupils, Herbert John Bennett, two years her junior, had become her husband in a ceremony at

THE CASE OF THE *Lady and the Alias*

the registry office at West Ham on July 22, 1897.

In the beginning, the young newlyweds had lived with the bride's grandmother, but upon the latter's death in April, 1898, Mary's father, who heartily disliked his son-in-law, saw to it that they took up quarters elsewhere.

In subsequent months, Bennett's job with an East Ham grocer became in effect a blind for a somewhat less meritorious endeavor. Utilizing a trade journal as his medium, he netted a neat income by selling fake violins as genuine instruments. It was believed that he carried on this scheme with the co-operation—or at least the knowledge—of his wife. The Yard officers learned that this swindle had caused numerous complaints, but Bennett had managed to escape prosecution.

EARLY in 1900 he purchased a small grocery business at Westgate-on-sea, and within a week a suspiciously sudden fire brought him about $1,000 insurance.

Then he and Mary had made a "mysterious visit" to South Africa, where the Boer war was still raging. As he remained only four days in Cape Town, and as he returned well supplied with funds, report had it that he had received payment for espionage work in England on behalf of the Boers.

Bennett had been heard to say to his wife that he would leave her and stay away for good. Her reported retort had been, "Herbert, I shall follow you for the sake of our child, and if you are not careful I will get you 15 years."

(By that, she may have been threatening to give the authorities information about his espionage activities, about the violin fraud, or about the suspicious fire that had destroyed his grocery store.)

On top of that, they had parted, she to lodge at Glencoe Villas, he at the home of a Mrs. Pankhurst on Union St., Woolwich, near the Royal Arsenal, where he had obtained employment. Thereafter he paid Mary and the child duty calls on Sundays.

Early that summer he had formed a new attachment.

Another young man who lived at Mrs. Pankhurst's had a sweetheart who worked as a cook in the West End. On Sunday, July 1, she introduced Bennett to a pretty parlor maid named Alice Meadows.

He courted her as a single man, explaining his Sunday absences by saying that he had a cousin who lived in Bexley.

Miss Meadows became so fond of him and trusted him so much that on Saturday, Aug. 4, she accompanied him to the Crown and Anchor Inn, Yarmouth, for the week end. They occupied separate rooms.

Later, when he began his vacation on Sept. 1, he took the girl on a fortnight's tour of Ireland.

He spent freely, gave her a diamond ring. He asked her to marry him, and she consented.

They returned to town on Sept. 11, and on the 14th—not a Sunday but a Friday—Bennett visited his wife.

What transpired during this visit never was discovered, but it was on the next day that Mary Bennett took lodgings at Mrs. Rudrum's under an assumed name.

INSPECTORS LEACH and Gough learned that Bennett had stopped at the Crown and Anchor the night of the 15th, leaving by the 7:20 a. m. train. They learned, further, that he had arrived at the Meadows home in York Rd., Stepney, at about noon.

This seemed to check, for the 7:20 from Yarmouth arrived at 11:47.

On Saturday, Sept. 22, at 3 p. m. Mrs. Pankhurst noticed him consulting a time table.

At 11:45 p. m., he entered the Crown and Anchor, seemingly out of breath, and explaining that he had missed the last train to Gorleston (just to the south of Yarmouth).

In the morning he left by the early train, a news agent having noticed him at the station. The only other waiting passengers had been members of a departing theatrical company.

Arriving at the Liverpool St. terminus in London, he had proceeded to Hyde Park and kept an appointment with Miss Meadows.

The investigators learned that Bennett had told several persons that his wife had died in South Africa.

He had told Alice that his cousin in Bexley had gone to South Africa, that he had purchased her furniture, and so they would soon be able to set up house. He gave her some trinkets and finery that had belonged to his wife.

On Oct. 17, Alice quit her job, then accompanied Bennett to Carlton, where they picked out a house and paid a deposit on it.

Inspector Leach took the 21-year-old suspect into custody on Nov. 6, informing him that he was wanted for the murder "of a woman named Hood" at Yarmouth.

"I don't know what you mean!" he exclaimed, apparently taken by surprise. "I have never been in Yarmouth. I have never lived with my wife since January, and I found a lot of letters in her pocket from another man."

He asserted that two young men named Parritt and Cemeron could prove that he was at Rose's distillery in Woolwich on the night of Sept. 22. (Later they denied this, saying they had been with him on the 29th.)

An examination of his lodgings disclosed:

A receipt from the Crown and Anchor.

A revolver.

A false mustache.

Wigs for a man and a woman.

A silver watch with a long gold chain.

Bewildered Alice Meadows said, "There must be some mistake."

* * *

This was the case entrusted to Marshall Hall, master performer of the British courts who was destined to become the most successful defense advocate of his time. Few believed that his task could be anything but hopeless.

The trial got under way on Feb. 25, 1901, before Lord Alverstone at the Central Criminal Court. It was to be held at the Norwich assizes but sentiment against the accused had grown so bitter that a fair trial there seemed unlikely.

Hall in his opening suggested that Mrs. Bennett had been slain by a stranger who had made her acquaintance in Yarmouth. Why, he asked, should her husband, now interested in another woman, have treated her in the dreadful manner described, and why should he have taken her watch and chain? (Hall disputed the prosecution claim that the watch and chain found in the accused's possession were the same watch and chain taken from the victim.)

Crown Prosecutor Charles Gill replied that the mistreatment and theft were false clues left by Bennett to divert suspicion.

As for motive, Gill held that Bennett wanted his wife out of the way so he could marry Alice Meadows. Gill did not suggest—as was suggested later—that the defendant might have had an additional, less romantic yet most urgent, reason for eliminating his wife.

ON THE fifth day of the proceedings, which were being followed avidly throughout the islands, Hall created a stir by announcing:

"I shall call before you a witness, absolutely independent and respectable, who will say that it was impossible for this man to have murdered his wife on Sept. 22 last, because so late as 7 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, Sept. 22, he was in Bennett's company. The last train for Yarmouth left at 5 p. m."

He then summoned one Douglas Sholto Douglas, a manufacturer of fancy goods.

Douglas, to all appearances a most sincere and honest person, testified that on Sept. 22, a fine sunny day, he was taking a long walk in Eltham, near Bexley. At about 5:15 p. m., he had met a man wearing a gray suit and a black bowler hat. This man said he was a traveler, had recently been in Ireland, and was now a draughtsman in Woolwich.

Douglas said he had not been anxious for company, but the man had walked along with him, and at length induced him to have a drink at Lee. As they came out of the bar, the stranger said, pointing to a signboard over a barber's shop next the Tiger Inn, "By the way, a namesake of mine lives there." The name on the sign was "F. K. Bennett."

The witness concluded by saying that after seeing photos of Bennett in the newspapers he had become convinced the man he had met was the person now on trial for his life.

"I have viewed the accused in his cell." he said, "and I am more positive than ever."

Prosecutor Gill did not intimate that Douglas had given false evidence but he showed the jury that this witness had obtained no information about Bennett which he could not have gathered from the newspaper accounts; moreover, he had come forward "very late in the day," after the case had been fully canvassed in the press. Above all, said Gill, there was absolutely no corroboration for his story.

In this connection, observers pointed out that Bennett had already tried to set up his own alibi, and here was an independent and reputable witness coming forward to swear a totally different one on his behalf. The one utterly denied and contradicted the other. (The defendant did not himself go into the witness box to bear out Douglas' testimony.)

NEXT day Hall pulled another rabbit out of the defense hat. He produced a news agent named O'Driscoll from Lowestoft, south of Yarmouth, who told this story:

On Wednesday, Sept. 26, a man had entered his shop and asked for "the best account of the Yarmouth murder." This man, said O'Driscoll, had scratches on his face, was wearing a dark suit, and had a dark mustache. One of his shoes lacked a shoelace, the other had one made of mohair. For a short while he stood excitedly reading the paper, "groaning as he read."

O'Driscoll solemnly swore:

"While he was reading the paper, he mumbled, and he turned round and caught me looking at him, whereupon he clutched the paper in both hands and hurried out."

Later the London Standard commented:

"That the man who murdered Mrs. Bennett should be roaming about among stationers' shops four days after his crime in such a guise, and with the mohair bootlace with which the woman was strangled still unreplaced, was one of the wildest, most irresponsible hypotheses that a jury was ever invited to accept."

The Morning Post dismissed O'Driscoll "with the tribute of a smile."

The jury showed how it regarded the alibi testimony by returning a verdict of guilty in 34 minutes.

Bennett betrayed no emotion at hearing the news, but Lord Alverstone's voice shook as, donning the black cap for the first time, he addressed the prisoner:

"I can only say that after the evidence, the jury could not possibly have returned any other verdict. I can hold out no hope for you, and I implore you to make your peace with your Maker."

Bennett, in the few days of life remaining, showed no particular concern. Indeed, the most perturbed person during that period was probably Douglas Sholto Douglas, who kept receiving communications addressed to him as, "London Fancy Box and Alibi Manufacturing Co."

Bennett was hanged in Norwich prison, March 21. (The baby Mrs. Bennett had left with her landlady was turned over to relatives.)

One mystery remained, never quite to be resolved.

WHY had Mrs. Bennett taken an assumed name? Why had she, as was brought out, destroyed letters sent to her at Yarmouth? Why had she invented a pursuing "brother-in-law?"

If we knew what Bennett told her during that visit of Sept. 14, the day before she went to Yarmouth, we might have the explanation for these acts which paved the way for her own destruction.

One possible answer might be that he told her the police were after both him and her, and that it would be necessary to hide out.

As for that additional motive—

Mrs. Bennett had warned him, "If you are not careful, I will get you 15 years."

He had wished to be free of his wife, no doubt of that. But he had needed, even urgently, to silence the one person most capable of wrecking his future.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Illustrated by TOM WEBB

COMING YOUR WAY... Kaye DAY! *The National Laugh Holiday!*

It's *Danny Boy!*
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funniest, maddest,
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Get set for a
new high in mirth,
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m-m-m-Mayo.

He's got
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HOWARD HAWKS

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Are you a proud and extra careful woman?

If so, be first in your circle to use Tampax — tell others how it helps at bad time-of-month

The sensitive woman may be more distressed than others by certain inconveniences on the "bad days." If you are this type, get Tampax at once. This is modern monthly sanitary protection —not at all like the "usual." In use it is actually invisible and *unfelt*.... Tampax discards the whole harness of belts, pins and outside pads. It is worn internally. An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in easy-to-use applicators. No bulk to make you less active. No edge-lines. *No odor.* Chafing impossible. Changing quick; disposal no problem (only 1/15 the size of external pad).... Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply fits into purse; economy box holds 4 times this quantity. Have it ready for "next time." Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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Stops shoe pressure—its soft Durafelt pad relieves pain instantly! *Curbs surface pain,* thanks to Blue-Jay's exclusive anesthetic Nupercaine! *Loosens hard "core"* with gentle medication—you just lift it out in a few days! *For greater relief* get Blue-Jay—*"America's Largest Selling Corn Plaster"*

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CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

Princess With a Job

SOME traveling men with a gift for blarney like to greet waitresses, chambermaids, lady ushers and stewardesses as "Princess."

But guests at a Prescott, Ariz., hotel who salute one of the maids, Viola Jimulla, as "Princess" get not only a smile but credit for unusual knowledge and discrimination. For dark-haired, kind-faced Viola is a member of Redskin royalty — the ruler of Arizona's Yavapai tribe, which lives on a tiny reservation outside Prescott.

When She's Not a Waitress, the Princess Weaves Distinctive Native Blankets for Tourists.

For eight years since the death of her husband, Chief Sam, Viola has carried a heavy double responsibility. As the only woman chief in the United States, she has directed tribal affairs and busied herself with the welfare of her people. As a breadwinner—for no salary accompanies her title—she's also been busy between her part-time job at the hotel and working with the Yavapai women at weaving distinctive blankets and baskets for tourists.

She's 67 but still active and on the lookout for new ways to help her tribe, though she often finds her thoughts back-tracking to the loose-footed, easy-going life the oldtime Yavapai followed.

Viola remembers the old ways well, for in her girlhood the Yavapai were nomadic camp dwellers, living as their ancestors had done for centuries.

The People of the Rocks —that is the translation of their name—had few possessions then, but were happy, Viola wistfully recalls. They moved their camps as the supply of wild game and vegetable foods demanded. In season, they roamed the rocky hills for pinon nuts and berries, or descended to the desert for cactus fruit. The women made their own clothing, baskets and pottery, and planted occasional patches of corn and beans. The old, distant life holds a strange, sad, irrecoverable beauty for the black-eyed maid you see in the hotel.

Viola would like to see her people with more land, more cattle and the open sky again. But the younger Yavapai, who came on the scene with movies and juke boxes, feel no such nostalgic yearning.

"We want to live like the other people in the community," says Viola's 21-year-old granddaughter, Patricia Vaughn. "We want electricity in our homes, better jobs, and the same rights and privileges as others."

The tribesmen do not complain because their next ruler also may be a woman. Heiress presumptive is Mrs. Grace Mitchell, one of Princess Viola's two daughters.

The braves have a strong defense against unpopular whims of a feminine ruler: the tribal council is composed entirely of men, with power to veto a chief's policies.

She Lived in Terror

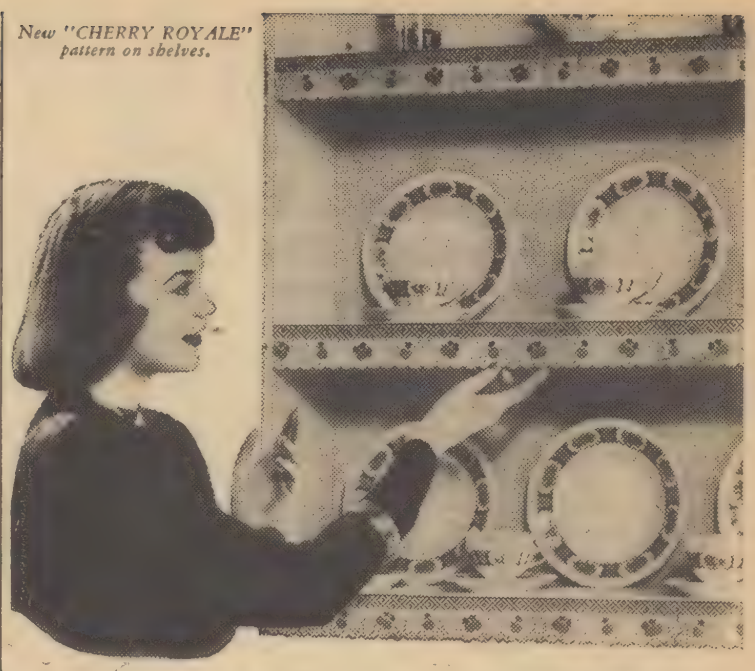
SLEEPING pill addicts know no waking peace. But for the person who must live with them, care for them, pray for them, there is not even the surcease of sleep.

In next week's American Weekly, a wife who helped her husband fight his terrible addiction to sleeping pills tells her own dramatic story of what she went through. How he lost his job. How he dropped from 140 pounds to 98. How he changed from the man she married to a bearded, unkempt, wild-eyed menace.

Her only interest in life became her fight to save the man she loved. How she has apparently won her battle makes a story you won't want to miss, "My Husband Was a Sleeping Pill Addict."

THE swindler had a system, one that he said was sure to break the bank at a Continental gambling casino. And the girl who was one day to be a Princess of Monte Carlo fell for his scheme—and lost a fortune. The incident plagued pretty Ghislaine Dommanget for years, until a gracious gesture on her part ended a bitter memory for "Monte Carlo's Embarrassed Princess."

New "CHERRY ROYALE" pattern on shelves.



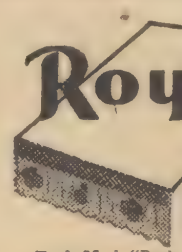
How to give your kitchen the "New Look"

by Ellanor Martin
Homemaking Expert

No more drab, "blank" look—you can give your kitchen the bright, colorful "new look" that decorators favor *—in seconds!* Pick one of the charming new Royledge Shelving patterns—scatter color throughout the room in a jiffy. So easy, simply place durable Royledge on shelf, fold down colorful edge.

Brighten the whole house by using beautiful Royledge to "glamorize" linen closets, toy shelves, open shelves, etc. There's a perfect Royledge design for every room!

See gorgeous new Royledge designs now at 5 & 10's, naborhood, hardware, dept. stores.



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The World's MOST-DRESSED Man

His Double-Decked Closets Are Filled With Clothes Worth $100,000

The California Beau Brummell Has 173 Suits, 60 Sports Coats, 84 Pairs of Slacks, 300 Shirts and 3,000 Neckties in His Incredible Wardrobe.

SOME people collect first editions, guns, old prints or chunks of jade. Bert Trauerman of Los Angeles collects clothes—not museum pieces once worn by the famous and the infamous but modish, made-to-order outfits for his own six-foot, 220-pound frame.

This 52-year-old Dapper Dan makes the Beau Brummell of 19th Century London look like an amateur dabbler in sartorial trappings. In his spacious bureaus and double-decked closets he has:

173 custom-made suits which cost him, on the average, $275 each.

84 pairs of slacks and 60 sports coats.

52 plain, striped and dotted waistcoats.

A dozen overcoats and topcoats—and 16 hats.

30 silk sleepcoats and a large assortment of house coats and dressing gowns.

An array of formal clothes, including light blue, maroon and tan dinner jackets.

32 pairs of shoes, which a New York bootmaker fashions from casts of Mr. Trauerman's feet, at from $70 to $85 a pair. And 400 pairs of all-wool, hand-knit socks at $7 a pair.

300 shirts at $28 each, and 3,000 neckties (no bow ties) from $7 to $25 apiece.

A bureau packed with underwear made of the finest handkerchief linen which runs to $13 a "change."

The man who has to get along on a couple of off-the-pile suits for everyday and a spare one for Sunday may well wonder what a wardrobe like this costs and where Mr. Trauerman gets all that money to put on his back.

Well, such a collection of clothes costs about $100,000. And Mr. Trauerman enjoys uncommon prosperity representing manufacturers of ladies wear and running a hosiery mill of his own.

The California Beau Brummell traces his hobby to his mother who used to buy him as many as 40 specially tailored suits a year when he was a boy of seven.

The world's most-dressed man is at once conservative and adventurous about clothes. He wouldn't think of wearing a sports coat and slacks to work, and he feels that a man is "practically nude" without a necktie. But he believes that fine feathers make fine birds and that the American male is too drab in his dress.

He has done some spectacular pioneering in the "new look" for men by making public appearances in suits of canary yellow and billiard-table green. He believes he started the black-shirt-white-tie vogue and was the first adult nonfireman to wear a red shirt.

The elegantly-outfitted Californian never wears the same suit more than twice a year and has his suits cleaned and pressed after every wearing. This costs him about $150 a month.

Mr. Trauerman points out that a man has to have time to indulge in his expensive hobby. He spends five hours a week on "fittings" and frequently changes his clothes three times a day.

When Trauerman's friends twit him about never getting his name on any list of best-dressed men, he just smiles good-naturedly. He knows he has more clothes than all these dandies put together.

Save Money! You now get 25% MORE VEL for your money in the new, bigger box!

VEL* NEW Colgate-Palmolive-Peet product...

cuts dishwashing time in half!

Dishes, glassware gleam without wiping!

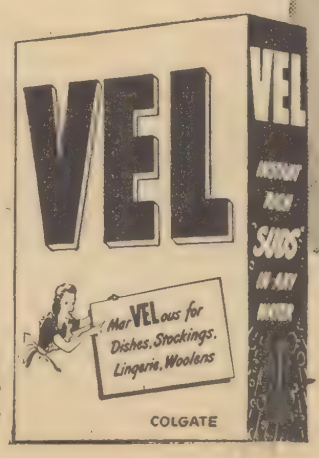
JUST wash dishes with Vel, rinse, and you're through! Even glassware dries sparkling clear without wiping, for Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away. Pots and pans get shiny clean with Vel ... and far less work! This great soapless suds removes grease faster and more completely than soap possibly can! Leaves no dishpan ring to scrub out. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap; saves up to half your dishwashing time!

Milder to hands than any leading product made for washing dishes and fine fabrics!

Actual skin tests made by an independent laboratory — name on request — prove Vel milder to hands than any other leading product made for washing dishes and fine fabrics.

*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

MarVELous for DISHES STOCKINGS · LINGERIE · WOOLENS! Instant SUDS in hardest, coldest water!



STOP-
loosening your skin!

MAKE THIS TEST!

You will be shocked to find out how loose *your* skin really is!

DO THIS! Sit before your mirror. Do exactly as the girl is doing in the picture above. If folds of skin roll up under your eyes, you have loose skin! This loose skin may easily wrinkle too soon causing you to look much older than you really are!

Millions are actually loosening delicate skin tissues around their eyes in the very act of creaming their skins.

But this old way of skin care is rapidly being discarded. Well informed women are adopting modern skin care that ends destructive rubbing.

My Lady Esther 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting.** No more need for rubbing at all. Think what this means!

When you use my cream that requires no rubbing, you are **not** loosening your skin—you are **not** deepening fine lines! In short, you stop helping your skin to grow loose and older looking. You help to preserve the tone, elasticity and smoothness your skin naturally possesses.

Clearer Skin, Too, The First Day

What's more, I can promise you a clearer skin the first day you stop rubbing dirt-laden cream back into tiny skin crevices and into pore mouths.

Here's why. The cleansing ingredient in Lady Esther 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting**—it has the power to surround each tiny particle of stale make-up and grime and *separate* it from the skin. It literally lifts dirt away from your skin! No destructive rubbing is necessary—just smooth it on and tissue it off!

What to Expect

Your first trial will convince you that my 4 Purpose Face Cream is **self-acting** (no more rubbing) and that it makes your skin far cleaner than before, without rubbing.

So get any size jar—even the smallest size is ample to prove that you don't have to rub your skin any more to clean it.

And remember, this one cream does 4 things for your skin. Besides self-acting cleansing—it smooths!—it aids the natural pore-refining process!—and it makes a perfect powder base!

Lady Esther

School for Crime

A SURLY youth of 19, a graduate of one of Britain's oddest institutions of learning, caused quite a stir in London's Old Bailey court the other day when he pleaded guilty to burglary and assaulting a policeman and then, half-defiantly, added:

"But I wouldn't have been caught, Your Lordship, if I'd remembered all

The Young Future Law-Breakers Attended Lectures Given by Hardened Criminals.

the lessons I learned at school."

"Eh?" gasped the bewigged justice. "What school?"

From the unscholarly-looking prisoner, plus fill-ins from a detective inspector, the jurist learned that young Leslie Moore actually had attended an informal academy of larceny conducted in a crooks' hangout in one of London's seamier suburbs.

Moore was a carpenter's helper and on his way to earning good wages when he became pally with a group of thieves and pickpockets. Their flashy clothes and easy money fascinated him and he asked to join the gang.

AT the hideout where he was sent, Moore found other youthful beginners, together with several older practitioners back for refresher courses, so to speak. All were taking instruction from several ex-convict burglars.

"They taught me how to pick locks, force windows and prowl noiselessly in the dark," the defendant related. "Also how to fence the swag. I paid them some money and promised a split of my loot for the tuition."

"Visiting professors," he added, were called in to give special lessons in several other larcenous arts.

"And which instructions did you fail to obey?" demanded the judge.

"The rules against carrying and using firearms," Moore answered. "I was robbing a factory office when the watchman discovered me. I fired a shot to frighten him and fled. But a policeman heard it and caught me."

He was sentenced to five years in jail.

Worth a *King's Ransom* at a time like this...

Be prepared for such emergencies this winter by having two flashlights in your car with *fresh, new* Winchester No. 1511 batteries.

They Last Almost TWICE as Long* Yet Still Cost Only a Dime

*Measured by the A. S. A. light industrial flashlight test . . . the most effective test applicable to modern everyday use of this size battery . . . the *new* Winchester No. 1511 flashlight batteries LAST ALMOST TWICE AS LONG as the pre-war No. 1511. Reason? Olin electronic research has stepped up the power of their light-making chemicals.

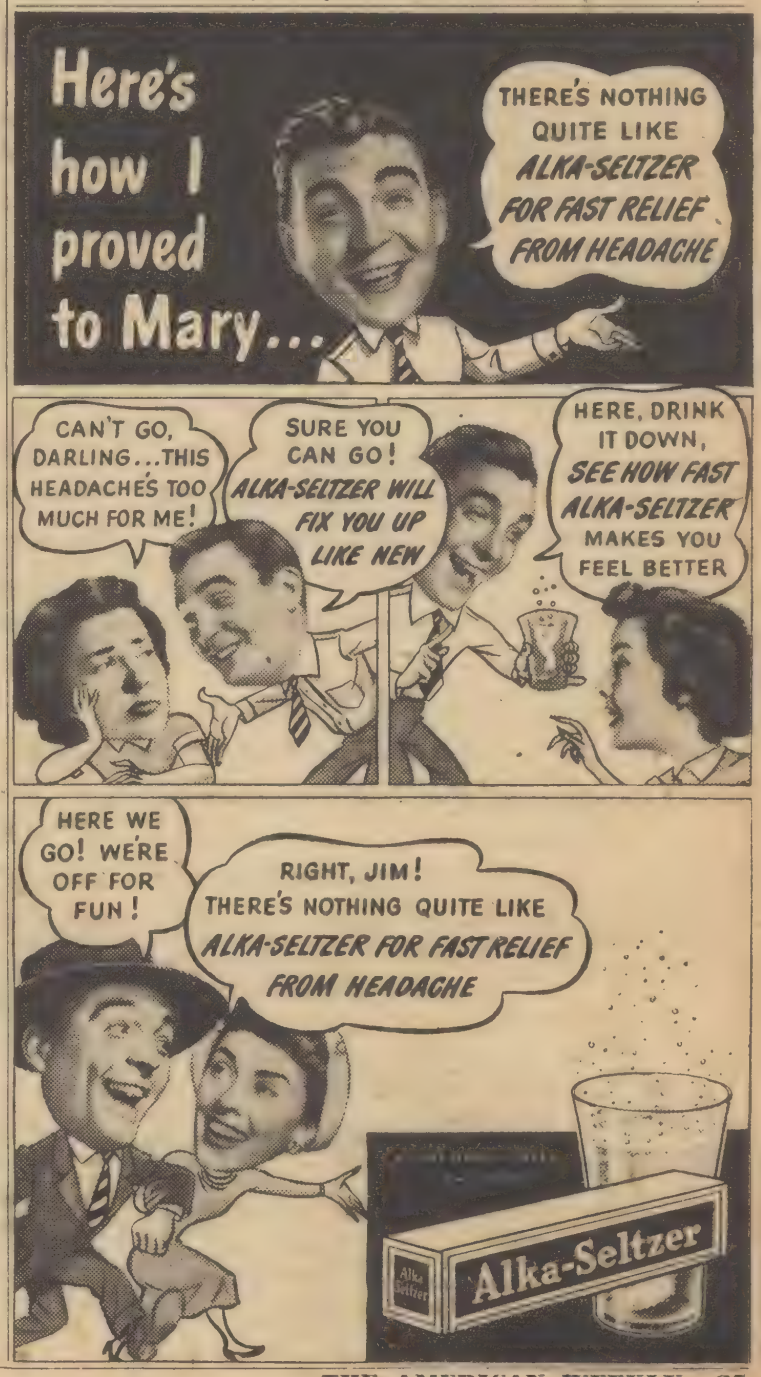
You still pay only a dime for them—and they are guaranteed to give extra long life not only in flashlights but also in *any* equipment using regular flashlight-cell size batteries.

Be Prepared For Night-time Emergencies

They may overtake you at any time. Go to your dealer today and buy 2 new No. 6410 Winchester Deluxe Dual-Purpose Spotlights for your car or home. Each spotlight is 2 lights in 1—WHITE for safety . . . RED for danger. Made from solid brass, chrome plated with red translucent lens ring. Two spotlights cost only $3.30 complete with batteries—isn't that a small price to pay for freedom from fear and worry when night-time emergencies arise?

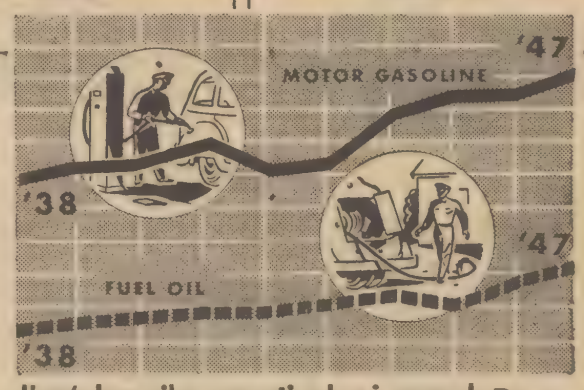
WINCHESTER TRADE-MARK OLIN WORLD'S FINEST FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES

OLIN INDUSTRIES, INC., Electrical Division, New Haven, Conn.



Meet the men who broke the records...

Ears tuned to the hum of America...
alert to your everyday needs...
their all-out continuing efforts are aimed
at one goal—MORE OIL FOR YOU



Here's how oil consumption has increased—Because America has more cars and planes, more Diesel trains, farm machinery and oil burners—our consumption of oil has nearly *doubled* in the last ten years. Currently, the industry is supplying oil at a rate exceeding 90 billion gallons per year.

THESE MEN ARE TYPICAL of the millions of men and women in the oil industry who have gone out and shattered every record in supplying oil for America. They are representative of the more than 34,000 individual companies whose competition in oil production, refining, transportation and distribution has led to *more oil for you*—to fill the greatest demand for petroleum America has ever known.

RIGHT NOW, they're supplying you with almost 250 million gallons of oil products every day. This is *more* oil than has ever been supplied before . . . more oil than was needed in the peak years of the war! The demand for oil is constantly expanding because of the ever-increasing number of cars and trucks . . . farm tractors and oil burners . . . planes, trains, ships and factories.

How Competition in Oil Helps *You*

The men and women in the oil business are working day and night to step up the supply. And the individual oil companies—competing in the traditional manner of American industry—are now investing over 4 billion dollars for new facilities to make more oil available for you.

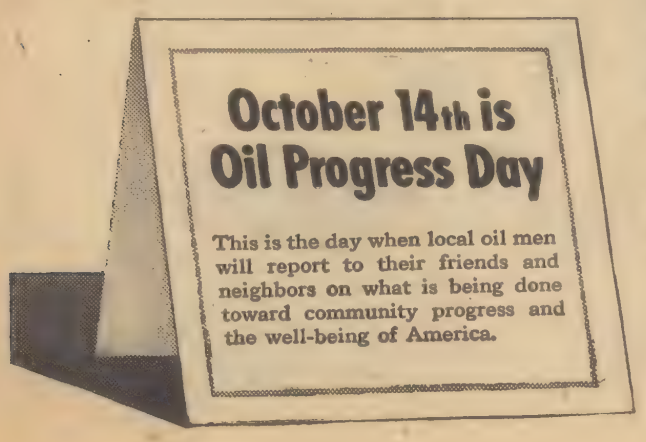
What's Being Done to Increase Your Supply

Day after day, new wells are brought in . . . new plants go into operation . . . refinery capacities are increased. Month after month more miles of pipeline . . . new and faster tankers . . . extra storage facilities are added to the lifeline that carries oil from the earth to you. All of these things—and *more*—are being done so that *you* will get the oil products you want . . . *when* and *where* you want them!

Outlook for the Future

The nation's oil needs *are being met*. What's more, the industry is gearing itself to meet the even *greater* needs anticipated for tomorrow. For the all-out job to supply you *today* has resulted in the largest stock of underground oil reserves in the history of the nation!

YES, THESE MEN—and almost 2,000,000 others like them—will *continue* to supply you with high-quality oil products in ever-increasing volume . . . maintain their recognized high standards of service. *This year* you will receive more oil products than ever before. Use them *efficiently*. Oil is energy for America. Oil means more comfort, better living, greater convenience for *you*.



Oil Industry Information Committee

670 Fifth Avenue • New York 19, N. Y.

for superb diaphragm control...

long-line

BRASSIERES by Maiden Form®

® REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For trim, smooth lines below a beautifully uplifted bosom, choose one of Maiden Form's favorite brassieres, with four- or six-inch diaphragm band . . . all available again, after a long absence!

*"Allo-Ette" (above) or *"Allo" with regulation shoulder straps; *"Intimo", built-up or regulation straps—all with 6-inch band, $3.50 up; *"Inter-Lude", regulation straps, 4-inch band, $2.50 up.

*"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

© 1948 MFB CO.

Send for *free* Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York 16, N. Y

Web-Footed Watchdog

His Gallant Defense Foiled a Four-Legged Chicken Thief

WHEN folks hear a loud honk in a certain section of Baltimore, they knew it doesn't necessarily mean that some unwary pedestrian is in danger of being hit by a car.

Like as not, the honking is merely a truculent notice that one of America's oddest watchdogs—a two-legged fighter, and web-footed at that—is on the job, and burglars better beware.

Though he sometimes scolds like a super-Donald Duck, neighbors around his "beat," the Lutheran Deaconess' Mother House, don't complain. They're glad to have such a protector after the job he did recently in kayoing a savage thief and saving a flock of hens.

Some of his admirers even thought of presenting a medal, but since his chest is all feathers there wouldn't have been any place to pin it. So Gandy—for the hero of this piece is a gander—continues to strut around without a decoration.

Round and Round They Went, the Gander Wielding His Heavy Beak With Damaging Skill.

Gandy belongs to Mrs. Anna Bloom, caretaker of the Mother House, and he was just another member of the poultry set until the night his big chance came.

Gandy was sound asleep, along with a dozen fat hens, when a large, white bulldog nosed into the roost, grabbed a fowl by the neck and trotted silently out.

A few minutes later the intruder returned for another hen. This time his victim managed to let out a screech. The dog killed her. But he didn't escape with his prey, for a long-necked fury swooped down on him, honking furiously and pecking at his eyes as no chicken ever had done.

Round and round they went, the bewildered dog snapping and snarling and Gandy wielding his heavy beak with all the skill that has made ganders the recognized defenders of European farmyards for hundreds of years.

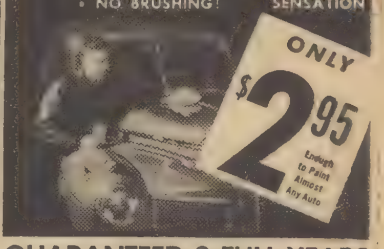
Mrs. Bloom heard the commotion and dressed hastily.

WHEN she reached the scene, the gallant gander lay gasping on the ground—but stretched out near by, also bleeding and exhausted, was his foe.

When she got over her astonishment, she found she had a puzzle on her hands. No bulldog, she decided, could have gotten into the chicken house without outside help, for the entry was blocked by a door and a four-foot wire fence.

Police, noting that one hen was missing, came to the conclusion that the dog, whose goose the gander nearly cooked, was trained to steal poultry for its owner. They haven't caught the human member of the team yet, but Gandy is keeping an eye peeled.

NONE BETTER AT ANY PRICE
PAINT YOUR CAR WITH "Super" CARONIZE



GUARANTEED 3 FULL YEARS

You can do a factory-like job. Almost anyone can get high-gloss job that looks like a Professional finish. "Super" CARONIZE does the trick! Easy to apply! No brush! No masking! Simply WIPE IT ON with the applicator that we give you FREE. Get a factory-like finish that's GUARANTEED against chipping, cracking, peeling, fading when simple directions are followed. Dries dust-free quickly

ONE QUART COVERS AVERAGE CAR WITH 2 GLEAMING COATS. A GLOWING PROFESSIONAL FINISH!

SEND NO MONEY! Order one or more quarts today! Just mail postcard. Pay postman plus C.O.D. upon delivery. Send remittance, save postage.

Not a streaky wax or polish. "Super" Caronize is the new miracle high lustre auto enamel that is so easy to use. Anyone can do a professional looking job quickly.

16 BEAUTIFUL NEW COLORS

Black, Maroon, "Fiery" Bright Red, Cloud Grey, "Washington" Dark Blue, Brewster "Dark" Green, Montavilla Light Blue, Jewel "Light" Green, Orange, "Lettuce" Light Green, Light Yellow, Tan, Ivory, Chrome, Clear, White.

CARONIZE, INC. Dept. 85 1801 Singleton, St. Louis, Mo.

MICE IN YOUR HOME?

25¢

Kill mice the convenient way. *Mouse Seed* consists of tiny, chemically treated seeds, the kernels of which mice eat—then they die. Simply put seed in saucer and place where mice appear. No baits, no traps, no muss. The clean and easy way. Excellent results for over 50 years. Avoid substitutes. Get the genuine. At drug and other dealers. If dealer hasn't it, he can get it from wholesaler or we will ship you 4 packages, prepaid, upon receipt of $1.00. W. G. Reardon Laboratories, Inc., 13 Mill St., Port Chester, N. Y.

TO ACQUAINT YOU WITH BEAUTIFUL NEW TRIMZ 1949 PATTERNS

BUICK! DODGE! 1000 PRIZES GIVEN AWAY ZENITH RADIOS! CASH!

Nothing to Buy to Enter

This Easy TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Wallpaper Contest

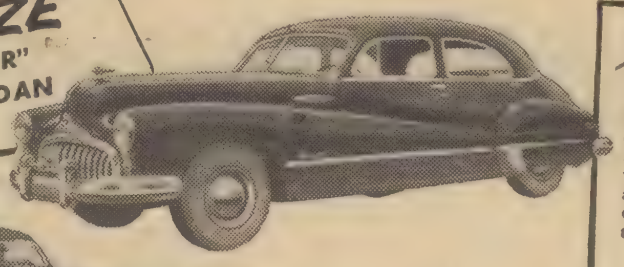
Here is one of the simplest and easiest contests you have ever heard about—with a grand list of big prizes—and absolutely nothing to buy to enter and win! No box tops or sales slips to send in. Anyone who can write a simple letter to a friend can be a winner of the marvelous GRAND PRIZE—A Brand New BUICK 4-Door Sedan! Or the glorious SECOND PRIZE—A Brand New Dodge 4-Door Sedan! Or a new Zenith Radio-Phonograph Combination worth $425! Or any one of the big list of *1000 Prizes* listed on this page.

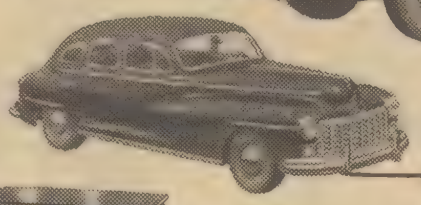
HERE'S ALL YOU DO: This contest is being staged solely to acquaint and interest more and more people in the marvelous new home decoration invention—TRIMZ READY-PASTED WALLPAPER—the remarkable and beautiful new wallpaper that *anyone can hang* with professional results. Thus *saving as much as 50%* on the cost of decorating a room. No special tools or equipment necessary. Just cut TRIMZ READY-PASTED WALLPAPER to the right length, dip in water and up it goes—simple as A, B, C.

Now to enter this contest just go to any store selling TRIMZ READY-PASTED WALLPAPER. Ask to see the beautiful new 1949 patterns. Your dealer will help you by showing you the pleasing variety of up-to-the-minute styles—just out. Each one is named. Pick your favorite pattern and send in the name of the pattern you like, with a simple statement of 50 words or less telling *why you think the use of this amazing new kind of wallpaper is a smart way to save decorating costs.* Use the entry blank which your dealer will give you. That's all! Remember, no box tops or sales slips to send. And just a few minutes of your time may bring you that glorious new Buick 4-Door Sedan!

So enter this thrilling contest right away. Remember, you have 1000 chances of winning a prize! You can see TRIMZ READY-PASTED WALLPAPER at Department Stores, Wallpaper, Hardware and Variety Stores.

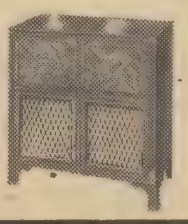
1st PRIZE
BUICK "SUPER" 4-DOOR SEDAN





2ND PRIZE
Dodge 4-Door Sedan

3RD PRIZE
$425.00 Zenith Combination Radio-Phonograph



4TH PRIZE
$330.00 Zenith Combination Radio-Phonograph

5th Prize—$240.00 Zenith Combination Radio-Phonograph
6th Prize—$100.00 Cash
7th Prize—$75.00 Cash
8th Prize—$50.00 Cash
9th Prize—$35.00 Cash
10th Prize—$25.00 Cash
11th to 20th Prizes—$10.00 Cash
21st to 50th Prizes—$5.00 Cash
51st to 150th Prizes—$2.00 Cash
151st to 1000th Prizes—$1.00 Cash

CONTEST RULES

1. A complete entry shall be made up of: (1) **The name of your favorite Trimz Ready-Pasted Wallpaper Pattern, accompanied by (2) a statement of 50 words or less telling why you think the use of this amazing new kind of wallpaper is a smart way to save decorating costs.** Use entry blank supplied by dealer. Print or write your name and address. Please send no extra letters, drawings or photographs.

2. You may enter this contest as often as you choose but each entry must be complete. Mail to TRIMZ, Box 5816, Chicago, Ill.

3. Contest closes at midnight November 15, 1948. Entries must be postmarked not later than that date and must be received before November 30th.

4. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of The Trimz Co.

5. Any resident of continental United States may compete except employees of The Trimz Co., its advertising agency, and their families. Contest subject to all U S regulations. Winners notified by mail Names of the principal prize-winners will be announced in American Weekly.

Easy to Enter and Win, Nothing to Buy

Just go to your TRIMZ READY-PASTED WALLPAPER DEALER (1) See the beautiful new 1949 patterns and send in the name of your favorite together with (2) a statement of 50 words or less telling why you think the use of this amazing new kind of wallpaper is the smart way to save decorating costs. Get entry blanks at your dealer's. Do these two simple and easy things today and enter this thrilling contest right away.

Hints to Help You Win

This amazing new invention, TRIMZ READY-PASTED WALLPAPER, lets anyone be their own decorator because anyone can hang it. No muss or fuss. No special tools necessary. Just cut to fit, dip in water and up it goes. Simple and easy instructions come in every box. Fresh, new 1949 patterns just arrived at your dealer's. Appropriate for every room in a home. Glorious colorings. Washable and fadeproof. Satisfaction guaranteed. By using TRIMZ READY-PASTED WALLPAPER you can save over 50% on wall decorating costs.

A Simple Entry Like This May Win

1. My favorite pattern is *(name here)*.

2. "I think Trimz Ready-Pasted Wallpaper offers a remarkable way to have beautiful rooms at half the cost. The patterns are lovely and it's so easy to put up that anyone can do it and get professional results. It's a wonderful invention—a wise way to save."

Or You Might Send an Entry Like This:

1. My favorite pattern is *(name here)*.

2. "The moment I learned about Trimz Ready-Pasted Wallpaper I knew I'd made a real money-saving discovery. Anyone can put it up, the results are thrilling and the patterns are glorious and fresh. It's the smart way to be thrifty and have beautiful rooms too."

You can probably beat these examples easily once you know about Trimz Ready-Pasted Wallpaper and see the beautiful patterns. See your dealer today and enter this contest right away. This contest closes midnight, Nov. 15, 1948.

ANYONE CAN HANG TRIMZ READY-PASTED WALLPAPER

On display and sale at DEPARTMENT, WALLPAPER, HARDWARE AND VARIETY STORES

the FLAKIER cracker
...all through the meal!

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES

© 1948

Gambling Ghost

MR. R. G. B. THOMPSON, of Southport, England, half-drowsed that night not long ago as he drove the heavy van along the lonely winding road. Suddenly, out of the shadows at the side of the road, a ghostly figure darted out into the beam of the headlights.

Mr. Thompson put on the brakes, but he had passed the apparition before he could stop. Trembling, uncertain whether to drive on

Out of the Shadows Darted a Ghostly Figure, Clad Only in a White Shroud.

or stay, he sat by the side of the road waiting for whatever might happen.

In a moment the figure appeared by the side of the van. Mr. Thompson saw that it was a man, bald-headed and bare-footed, unclad except for a long white shroud draped around him. He just stood there in the moonlight without speaking.

Mr. Thompson gulped, "Want—want a lift?"

Without answering, the man walked around the van and got in. "I've just come out of the cemetery," the apparition said hoarsely as he settled himself on the seat. "I've been sleeping on a gravestone."

Mr. Thompson kept his eyes glued to the road in desperate concentration, and drove faster.

"For six weeks I've slept on that gravestone," his passenger went on. "Forty-eight hours on and forty-eight hours off." He sat in silence for a moment. "It's cold in that cemetery."

THEY were coming to the edge of Southport then. "You can drop me at the Grand Hotel," the passenger said.

But when they got to the hotel, driving through dark, deserted streets, the hotel was closed. "Let me off around the corner," the passenger ordered.

Around the corner, Mr. Thompson stopped the van and without another word his passenger hopped out.

The police picked up the man a few hours later. He was Alfred Harwood, 40-year-old construction hand.

He had been sleeping in the cemetery to win a bet, he said. The gravestone was sort of hard to sleep on, and he had caught a little cold, but what was all the excitement about? The police put him in the hospital for observation.

DELRICH
E-Z COLOR PAK
MARGARINE

ENDS MIXING BOWL MESS!

TRADEMARK

A New American Favorite for flavor, too!

"Honestly—you feel like telling the world about Delrich once you taste its creamy, golden goodness! And you can *see* why Delrich naturally tastes better and fresher . . . its delicate flavor is *sealed in!*"

So easy to color, too! 1. Pinch color berry. 2. Knead the bag. 3. Reshape bag by placing in carton. Chill. (No mold needed. No waste.) 4. Slice as needed. Makes neat servings in quarters or in patties.

So nutritious—yet economical! Every pound of Delrich is packed with natural food energy—AND enriched with 15,000 units of Vitamin A.

After All . . . "THE TASTE TELLS"

Delrich and E-Z Color Pak are the trade-marks of The Cudahy Packing Co. for its margarine.

the DELicious RICH creamy flavor of DELRICH is SEALED IN

PINCH THE COLOR BERRY!

KNEAD THE BAG!

CUDAHY Plus Product VALUE TESTED AND PROVED

©T. C. P. CO., 1948

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

CRUSH-PROOF BOX...

that's extra!

AT NO EXTRA COST

popular price

EXTRA QUALITY TOBACCO TOO!

Letters to the Editor

MRS. FRITZ WEBER of Boerne, Tex., thinks the altitude has gone to the heads of her hens.

At any rate, it would take a psychologist to figure out why all of her hens climb an eight-rung ladder to lay eggs in a tree, when there are plenty of comfortable, accessible places in the yard.

The fork of the tree, high overhead, has a large comfortable crotch and sometimes Mrs. Weber will see the hens waiting in line for their turn to lay eggs in the roost.

Mrs. Weber does not share their desire for altitude. Because of her weight she cannot climb the ladder and must wait for some other member of her family to gather eggs for her. **Molly Austiss, San Antonio, Tex.**

* * *

In this age of atomic energy and other scientific "miracles," which at present is an age full of fears, it is inspiring to find a challenge as well as a comfort from the statements of the great scientists in your "My Faith" series.

These articles comfort us in the knowledge of the fatherhood of God, and challenge us to live, with that belief, in the brotherhood of man. **Paul Haka, Hartford, Conn.**

* * *

I was very much interested in a story you published concerning the use of glutamic acid to help raise the I.Q.s of retarded children. It was called "Real Brain Food at Last." I have a little girl, nine years old, who is very slow at learning, and would like to know how to get in touch with the doctor mentioned in your article. **Mrs. Edward Adrian, Cassville, Wis.**

One of Mrs. Weber's Hens.

(Mrs. Adrian has been advised to take The American Weekly's article to her family physician, who will get in touch with Dr. Zimmerman if necessary. No treatment should be given except by a competent physician.)

* * *

Some time ago I did a "guest article" for your Teen-Age Tempest column, implying that parents are not wholly to blame for juvenile delinquency. I thought you might be interested in the following letter, which one of your readers sent to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin:

"I think that Judge Nochem S. Winnet, through his article in The American Weekly on juvenile delinquency, has endeared himself to the hearts of mothers, not only in Philadelphia, but in various parts of the world. It's the first article on this subject which really brings out the facts. Few mothers don't try to teach children to abide by church and civil laws.—E. W." **Nochem S. Winnet, Municipal Court, Philadelphia, Pa.**

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

CHEWING IS "ORAL HYGIENE" FOR HIM!

Munching *crunchy* Milk-Bone Dog Biscuit actually helps keep his teeth and gums healthy... while giving him the solid satisfaction of a *nutritious* diet! And this *unique* food is *economical*—it's concentrated nourishment—rich in vitamins and minerals. Include Milk-Bone in your dog's diet!

Milk-Bone Biscuit contains nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D, and E... Meat Meal... Fish Liver Oil... Whole Wheat Flour... Minerals... Milk.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

OF COURSE
You Want to Keep
Your Beauty and Charm

Beauty and charm are natural assets that you can develop and keep. In each issue of The American Weekly, Sally Young tells millions of women how to stay as beautiful as they are.

24 million women helped perfect this iron!

(Many women report this newest General Electric Iron helps them iron ⅓ faster!)

When you pick up the streamlined beauty you see here, we believe you will agree that it is America's finest iron.

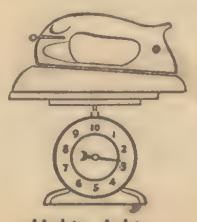
Into it are built all the important advantages that you and other American women have always wanted most in your "dream" iron.

You will feel that this General Electric Iron was designed for *your* hand: You will be delighted with the ease with which it whisks over fabrics . . . quickly smooths the most stubborn surfaces.

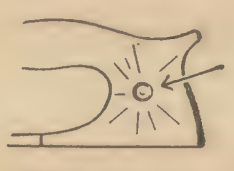
Into this newest General Electric Iron have gone all the improvements perfected by General Electric engineering—plus the experiences of the women who have bought 24 million General Electric Irons through the years.

A number of these improvements are listed below. Read them, and you'll understand why many women report that this General Electric Iron helps them iron ⅓ faster—is even more dependable and satisfactory than ever before!

"Visualizer" Fabric Dial



Lightweight—Only 2¾ pounds



Temperature-indicating light

"Visualizer" Fabric Dial permits you to tune in to the correct temperature for each fabric. Remarkable cast-in *Calrod** unit heats the iron rapidly. *Temperature-indicating light* tells you the instant your iron is ready by turning *off*. Built-in thumb rests. 27½-sq-inch ironing surface—yet iron weighs only 2¾ pounds. (Price, $11.95. Subject to change without notice.)

This remarkable General Electric "Visualizer" Iron is available *now* at your retailer's. General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The General Electric "Visualizer" Iron, $11.95.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The news is spreading fast . . .

There's a new GLOW in Glo-Coat!

It's a brighter glow— a more protective glow —a true wax glow

Good news gets around...especially good news about an old friend!

New ingredients now added to America's favorite floor polish make it something to cheer about! They've given Johnson's Glo-Coat a grand new glow... a glow that makes linoleum and varnished wood far brighter than before...a glow that actually makes floor care far easier!

In spite of the greater beauty Glo-Coat brings...the added protection Glo-Coat gives...it's still jiffy-easy to apply.

NO RUBBING— NO BUFFING

You can apply Glo-Coat evenly over an entire floor in minutes. Use any soft cloth or a long-handled applier. That's all there is to it. Johnson's Glo-Coat shines itself as it dries, without streaking.

Your floors will glisten with a wax-bright luster that resists both dirt and wear. Hurry on over to your dealer's. He has the new-glow Glo-Coat on his shelves. And you'll have a bright surprise ahead.

©S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis., 1948
"Johnson's," "Glo-Coat" and "Carnu" are registered trademarks.

America's Favorite 2 to 1

Surveys show that more women use Glo-Coat than any other floor polish more than twice as many use it as any other brand!

The "new glow" adds beauty

The brighter your floors, the brighter your home. Now Glo-Coat polish is nearly twice as bright as it used to be. On linoleum Johnson's Glo-Coat revives fading colors. On varnished wood it adds a gleaming-clean sparkle.

The "new glow" saves work

The true wax shine that Glo-Coat gives keeps floors cleaner. A dry duster whisks away dust — dirt doesn't grind in. Spilled things wipe up quickly with a damp cloth.

Radio's brightest half hours—

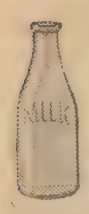
Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly, NBC—Tuesday evenings
Tune in Fred Waring's Show, NBC—Monday and Wednesday mornings

Bring out the beauty of the home

Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat, Paste Wax, Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for Cars

AT LAST! Something NEW for Breakfast!

Folks may come to the table in a "just-coffee" mood—but they'll decide they *do* have time for breakfast when they see and taste *this* surprise treat! What *are* those golden-brown slices, crisp-crusted yet creamy-smooth inside? It's fried corn meal mush made a *new* way—with Quaker Corn Meal and MILK! Stir up the recipe the day before—ready for a sizzling skillet at breakfast!



HERE'S THE SECRET!

NEW Corn Meal Mush: Mix 1 cup Quaker Corn Meal with 1 cup cold milk. Bring 2 cups water and 1 cup milk to boil. Add 1 teaspoon salt, and corn meal mixture. Cook until thickened. Cover, cook over low heat 10 minutes or longer, stirring occasionally.

Now pour cooked mush into loaf pan. When cold, cut into ½-inch slices. Pan-fry slowly on lightly greased skillet until golden brown. Serve hot with butter, syrup, jelly or honey.

LOOK WHAT'S IN YOUR COOK BOOK!

Yes, *your* cook-book offers dozens of corn meal recipes specially suited for your busy scheme of things! Easy! Corn meal adds rich new flavor and crispness, yet you just don't have to *fuss* over dishes like hot corn bread—scrapple—corn meal pancakes! Start today with a package of Quaker Corn Meal—the "Spoil-Proof" Corn Meal! It's milled from choice corn, every kernel water-washed for purity...then evenly granulated, brought to you in "Stay-Fresh" packages.

QUAKER

ENRICHED, DEGERMINATED

CORN MEAL

Household Almanac

Amy Alden

HOT LUNCH AT HOME

A Crusty Tender Brown Betty Filled With Apricots.

THE family, guests, too, will sing your praises if you serve them luncheon dishes like these. Delicious without being lavish, they are easy on your time and budget.

When a festive dish is needed for a special occasion you will find that the coral fish loaf with its walnut and tomato sauce will bring forth compliments. Should the time for preparation be short, then the cheese and vegetable casserole can be your dish, for its base is seasoned and cooked vegetables and you can whisk it right into the oven to cook while other dishes are being made.

A dessert with just the right flavor to set off any luncheon is the apricot betty served with cream or your favorite sauce.

Coral Fish Loaf With Walnut Sauce

- 3 slices bread, crust removed
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 lb. uncooked haddock, halibut, cod or any favorite filet (fresh or quick-frozen)
- 4 or 5 celery leaves
- ⅛ tsp. dried thyme
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate).

Place bread and the all-tomato sauce in saucepan, let stand until softened; then stir over low heat until smooth and quite thick. Put fish and celery leaves through food chopper, using coarse blade. Add to sauce. Add thyme and salt. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into a paper-lined small loaf pan (about 7½"x4"x 2") well greased. Place in shallow pan of hot water. Cover top with a sheet of white "writing" paper. Bake 1 hr. at 350° F. until firm through. Turn out on serving platter. Remove paper. Garnish with parsley or watercress. Serve with Walnut Sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Walnut Tomato Sauce

- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- ½ cup water
- ½ lemon
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 3 tbsps. cold water
- ⅛ tsp. granulated sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 8 walnuts, chopped

Heat tomato sauce and ½ cup water; add 3 very thin slices cut from half lemon; squeeze remainder of lemon and add juice to tomato. Bring to simmering point, then add the egg yolks, slipping them into the hot liquid whole (as if for poaching). Cover; cook gently until egg yolks are firm, the lemon slices very soft (about 10 min.). Mix the cornstarch to paste with 3 tbsps. cold water. Add to sauce. Add sugar and salt. Stir another 5 min. over low heat. Break egg yolks to bits with spoon. Add nuts.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Baked Spanish Eggs With Rice

- ¾ cup raw white rice
- 2 cups sliced onions
- ¼ cup fat or salad oil
- 2 cups green pepper rings
- 1 No. 2 can tomatoes (2½ cups)
- 2¼ tsps. salt
- ⅜ tsp. pepper
- ¾ tsp. caraway seeds
- 1 cup grated, processed American Cheddar cheese
- 4 hard-cooked eggs
- ⅓ cup top milk

Cook rice in 2 qts. boiling salted water until tender; rinse; drain. Saute onions in hot fat for 3 min. Add peppers; saute until tender. Add tomatoes, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper. To rice, add caraway seeds, 1½ tsps. salt, ¾ cup cheese. Shell eggs; cut in halves. Remove yolks; mash; add milk, ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. pepper; beat smooth. Refill whites. Arrange rice and tomatoes in layers in greased 10"x6"x2" baking dish, tomatoes on top. Make 4 depressions in mixture with back of spoon. In each place 2 stuffed egg halves. Sprinkle ¼ cup cheese around eggs. Bake in moderate oven of 325° F. for 20 min. Serves 4.

Cheese and Vegetable Casserole

- 1½ cups milk, scalded
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 canned pimiento, chopped
- 1 tbsp. minced parsley
- ½ tbsp. minced onion
- 1½ cups grated processed American Cheddar cheese
- ⅜ tsp. salt
- ⅛ tsp. pepper
- Dash paprika
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup drained, cooked or canned vegetables

Heat oven to 325° F. (moderate). Pour the scalded milk over the bread crumbs. Add pimiento, parsley, onion, grated cheese and seasonings. Then add the eggs. Put vegetables in greased 1½-qt. casserole, and pour milk and cheese mixture over them. Set in pan of warm water, and bake at 325° F. for 75 min., or until firm. Makes 6 servings "as is" or with mushroom sauce.

Cheese and Fish Casserole: Make Cheese and Vegetable Casserole, substituting 2 cups flaked or cooked fresh crabmeat, lobster, salmon, shrimp or whitefish for vegetables.

Cheese and Macaroni Casserole: Make Cheese and Vegetable Casserole, substituting 1 cup macaroni which has been broken into 2" pieces, cooked tender in boiling salted water, and then drained, for the 1 cup vegetables. Bake in a moderate oven of 325° F. for 50 min. Serve with tomato sauce.

Apricot Brown Betty

- 2 cups bread crumbs
- ¼ cup melted butter or fortified margarine
- 6 cups canned apricot halves, drained
- ½ cup granulated sugar or brown sugar, firmly packed
- ½ tsp. nutmeg or mace
- ¼ tsp. cinnamon
- 1½ tbsps. lemon juice
- 1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
- ½ cup water

Heat oven to 375° F. (moderately hot). Combine bread crumbs and melted butter and arrange one-third of this mixture in the bottom of a greased 1½-qt. casserole. Cover with half the apricots and half of the remaining ingredients, which have been combined. Cover with one-third of the crumbs, then the rest of the apricots, and next with the rest of the sugar mixture. Top with crumbs. Cover and bake at 375° F. for 15 min. Remove the cover and continue baking until crumbs are brown. Serve warm with whipped cream or hard sauce.

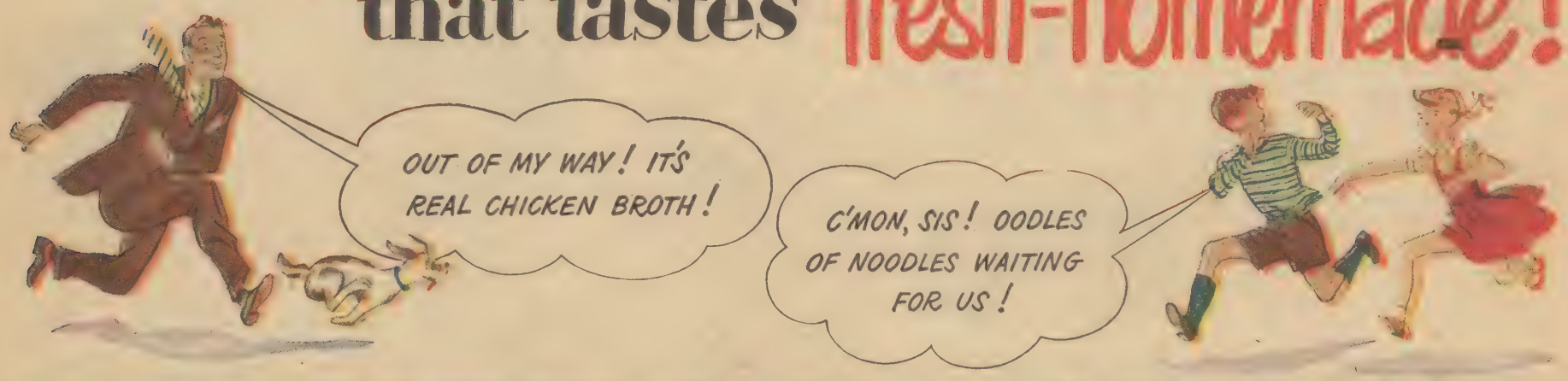
SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Enclose a three-cent stamp for EACH chart desired plus a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS to Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- ☐ (115) Vitamin, Protein Chart (wall size)
- ☐ (116) Vitamin, Protein Chart (purse size)
- ☐ (117) Alcoholic Calories (wall size)
- ☐ (119) Sandwiches to Make Your Party Different
- ☐ (120) Slimming and Filling Salads
- ☐ (121) The Cookies You Want
- ☐ (122) Quickie Recipes From Your Pressure Pan
- ☐ (14) Fat Burning Diet
- ☐ (114) Calorie List (purse size)
- ☐ (118) Calorie List (wall size)
- ☐ (103) Good Italian Recipes
- ☐ (104) Savory Cheese Recipes
- ☐ (105) Continental Recipes—A
- ☐ (106) Continental Recipes—B
- ☐ (107) Continental Recipes—C
- ☐ (108) Continental Recipes—D
- ☐ (109) Favorite Bread Recipes
- ☐ (110) Delicious Almanac Rolls
- ☐ (111) Delicious Donuts, Crullers
- ☐ (112) Favorite Chinese Recipes
- ☐ (98) Children's Party Recipes
- ☐ (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
- ☐ (73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
- ☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- ☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
- ☐ (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
- ☐ (84) Meat for Family Meals
- ☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- ☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
- ☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
- ☐ (113) Uses of Herbs
- ☐ (61) Famous Recipes
- ☐ (63) Candy Recipes
- ☐ (64) Quick Hot Breads
- ☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
- ☐ (71) Quickly Prepared Meals
- ☐ (74) Foreign Recipes
- ☐ (100) Buffet Party Dishes
- ☐ (101) Lunchbox Fillers

Ready? Here's the noodle soup that tastes fresh-homemade!



BRING in those bowls of Lipton Noodle Soup and watch the family gallop to the table!

After all, *one* heavenly sniff tells them . . . here's noodle soup with that honest-to-glory *fresh-homemade* taste!

Golden chicken broth with rich nourishing egg noodles, abundantly flecked with parsley! Blessed with that fresh-homemade flavor you just can't wait to wrap yourself around.

Cooks in just 7 minutes!

Lipton Noodle Soup is a champion in the kitchen, too! What's the magic to its fresh-homemade taste? *You fresh-cook it yourself* — in just 7 minutes! Just pour the wonderful Lipton fixings out of the envelope and into boiling water. It's that simple to turn out this lip-smacking noodle soup!

Saves money 2 ways!

Lipton Noodle Soup costs less, makes more—about 1½ times as much as most canned soups. Each envelope serves 4 to 6—makes nearly a quart of delicious soup. Stock up today! Get *Lipton* Noodle Soup—and save!

Lipton Noodle Soup

So fresh-homemade tasting,
so money-saving,
it's the world's favorite soup mix!

I USE THE SAFE, EASY WAY
to clean bathtubs fast!

Play safe with your bathtub's smooth surface—and still do your cleaning in jigtime. Use fine, white Bon Ami—it cleans without grit. Leaves no dulling scratches to catch dirt—to make your cleaning take longer. And it *polishes as it cleans.* Safe for hands, too. Keep Bon Ami handy in kitchen and bathroom. Do *all* your cleaning the safe, easy way!

Bon Ami
"hasn't scratched yet!"
POWDER AND CAKE

The Epicure

NEW ENGLAND SPECIALTY

By DORIS DOE

BEFORE the war I spent several years in Europe, studying and singing in opera and on the concert stage. Whenever I was interviewed and said that I was born in New England—in Bar Harbor, Maine, to be exact—the reporter invariably would exclaim: "But yes! I have heard so much about your New England . . . the rocky coastline and the fish dinners!" The conversation usually wound up by my giving out one of my very favorite recipes. The fish chowder recipes are used all through New England. This one has come down in my family from my own grandmother, whose mother was a Welshwoman. At any rate, you'll find that it will receive encore after encore when your family and friends taste it.

Doris Doe Has Been Heard in Concert, Opera, and Radio Throughout the United States and Europe. Aside From Cooking, Her Hobbies Are Gardening and Raising Siamese Cats.

New England Fish Chowder

3 two-inch long, ¼" wide slices fat salt pork
2 medium onions, chopped fine
3 medium potatoes, diced
1 cod fillet, cut in 2" squares
Milk
Salt and pepper

Place pork in large sauce pan and fry until grease has all run out and is brown. Add onions and fry slowly until well-browned. Add the potatoes and cover with a little water.

When the potatoes are half-cooked (about 5 or 6 minutes after boiling), add the cod fillet. This should cook about 7 or 8 minutes after boiling, so that the fillet is done but firm. Add milk to cover and season to taste. Be careful about the salt as fish doesn't need much of it and it is better to add more salt later than too much in the beginning. Heat thoroughly.

Just before serving—and this is my own little specialty—I place several crackers in a dish and pour the piping hot chowder over all. That is a dish!

With it you need only a light salad and a fairly heavy dessert—apple pie would be perfect.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD
EST. 1826

The Carriage for the Most Important Baby in Your Life

See the "Carriage with the quality seal on every wheel" at your dealer's now.

Learn the Meaning of Your Baby's Name! Our 32-page book gives the meaning of 500 boys' and girls' names. Send 10¢ for it to Heywood-Wakefield, Dept. 44, Gardner, Mass.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Catsup Lovers!
HERE'S CATSUP THAT'S 3-WAYS RICHER

RICHER BODY

RICHER FLAVOR

RICHER TASTE

V-8 Tomato Catsup

SAVE with All-fabric TINTEX
-no FINER dye at ANY price!

-still Only 10¢ & 15¢ A PACKAGE

YOU can pay MORE but you can't buy a FINER dye! You SAVE whether you buy the 10¢, 15¢ or super-economy 25¢ size. And you SAVE by making *color-new* all your faded apparel and home decorations. Buy *All-fabric* Tintex—today! *Guaranteed* by Park & Tilford.

Beautifully Dyes EVERY FABRIC
"CELANESE" - NYLON
RAYON - ACETATES
ARALAC - COTTON
SILK - WOOL - LINEN
AND ALL MIXTURES
(Not recommended for Glass or Metal fibres)

GUARANTEED
All-fabric TINTEX
World's Largest Selling
TINTS & DYES

Needle News

3786
SIZES 2–10

3103

3104

3103—Your small fry will love you for making him this soft, cuddly Puss in Boots toy. So thrifty — make this grand child's companion from scraps. Pattern has transfer of kitten and pattern for clothes.

3786—A pretty blouse and jumper set for your little one. There's just one main pattern piece to the jumper. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6 jumper takes 1¼ yards of 54-inch fabric; blouse, ⅞ yard of 35-inch fabric.

3104—Here's a wonderful gift suggestion . . . flowered linens embroidered and crocheted with these lovely designs. Easy stitches, pineapple crochet edging is simple, too! Transfer of six motifs 4 x 10½ inches. Complete directions.

Price of each pattern TWENTY CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Dept., Box 206, Station F, Brooklyn 26, New York. Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Has been used by smart women all over the world for nearly 40 years to help make their skin more radiant, more attractive. **Mercolized Wax Cream** has a lovely bleaching action which will surprise and delight you. Women who want the best should always have **Mercolized Wax Cream** and use it when necessary. Try it on your skin. Use only as directed.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

SAVE MONEY!
CIGARETTES
ALL POPULAR BRANDS
$1.47 Carton Prepaid
Minimum order 5 cartons — No C.O.D.'s
REX PRODUCTS
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BALTIMORE 2, MD.

For Dry Skin

Penetrates!

Lanolin's Rich Benefits!

SMOOTHS! This rich, rich cream *penetrates* . . . sends lanolin's softening benefits deeper into pore openings! Four more special skin softeners! Apply Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream nightly. See how tiny dry-skin lines soften . . . how much fresher, smoother your skin looks!

Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream

PURE CASTILE IS THE BEST SHAMPOO*!

Conti

CASTILE SHAMPOO

*You can check this statement in your public library. Read what leading beauty authorities and dermatologists say about the care of your hair.

TRY THE NEW ECONOMY SIZE 79¢

Doris Denison makes countless suggestions in every issue of The American Weekly for keeping your house a better place to live in.

Soothing Comfort

FOR TIRED BURNING FEET

Allen's **FOOT-EASE**

Beauty Hints from HOLLYWOOD

By Sally Young

WE are indebted to a well-known Hollywood make-up man for the following beauty information:

Hair Dressing

AN all-purpose hairdressing is made by slicing a lemon ¼" thick, cover with hot water in a pan and boil. Squeeze the lemon in a piece of cheesecloth. Use as a rinse.

For Older Women

SKIN starts to change color at about 50. Therefore, use lighter and pastel make-up shades. Heavy colors are good only from 25 to 40. Short hair is best for older women. Don't be afraid of white hair. Don't dye it unless it is streaked or discolored. It is O. K. to dye thin gray hair.

For Men

MEN seem to be afraid of getting gray hair, too. To hide it, get both a brown and black eyebrow pencil and split them to expose the lead. Use a dry mascara brush alternately on the two colors and brush through the hair. Shampoos out easily. Don't use your wife's mascara to dye your hair around the temples. It will run.

Eyebrow Pencils

YOUR eyebrow pencil should be sharpened to a sharp point. If it keeps breaking put it in the ice compartment of your refrigerator for 15 minutes. That will chill it so it won't break. To simulate real hair on the eyebrows, use brown and black pencil and alternate with short brisk strokes. If this proves difficult split the pencil and use mascara brush on the exposed lead.

Movie Hair Styles

MOVIE stars can't afford to stay right on top of the latest hair styles. By the time the picture comes out the hair-do is likely to be out of date. Hollywood tries for pleasing hair-dos, not too extreme, and only on-style in a general way. Long hair, says our Hollywood expert, is definitely more glamourous.

Wrinkles

HEAVY creams, massage and facial exercise will do much to ward off wrinkles. However, much can also be done with make-up. Using two shades of make-up base, apply the darker one all over your face. Then dip a lipstick brush into the lighter base and stroke into the wrinkle.

Our Keep Trim for Beauty chart No. 4 below has been revised to include new exercises.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, P. O. Box 382, Church St. Station, New York 7, N. Y.

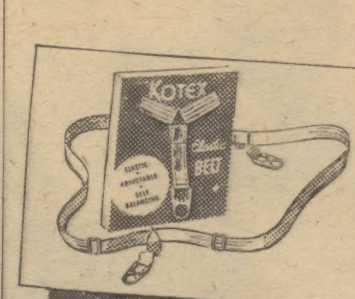
BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) Keep Trim for Beauty
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You
- ☐ (13) The Bust Line
- ☐ (15) Home Body Massage
- ☐ (114) Calorie List

Not a shadow of a doubt—

So sure of yourself . . . with the *new* Kotex! For those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines. Never has there been a napkin like this—with *downy softness that holds its shape.* Gives greater softness without sacrificing safety. Made to *stay* soft while you wear it. No other napkin can bring you all the blessings of the new, softer Kotex, *very personally yours.*

more women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins



To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, ask today for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's narrow . . . adjustable . . . all-elastic. Fits snugly . . . lets you bend without binding.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HEAD-COLD MISERY?

Quick relief with MENTHOLATUM

Don't give in to head-cold misery—*get Mentholatum.* Feel Mentholatum's famous combination of camphor, menthol and other fast-acting ingredients help thin out thick mucus, lessen congestion and swelling, soothe those smarting nostrils. Soon soreness eases up, your head starts to clear, *you can breathe again in comfort.* Get Mentholatum today. In tubes and jars—35¢ and 75¢.

MENTHOLATUM

5 thrifty ways to make foods more delicious

with "TABLE-GRADE" margarine!

Menu

Salmon Steak
and Lemon Sauce—more tempting because it's made with Nu-Maid

Baked Potatoes
always taste their best with made-for-the-table Nu-Maid

Broccoli
extra delicious when served with Hollandaise sauce made with mild, sweet churn-fresh Nu-Maid

Hot Rolls
dripping with Nu-Maid—no finer spread at any price

Chocolate Snow Cake
Extra good, extra rich because it's made with flavorful Nu-Maid

Now, new Nu-Maid comes to you golden yellow, table-ready in most states that permit the sale of yellow margarine.
Improve every meal you serve with new, improved Nu-Maid.
The Miami Margarine Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

Look for pure, sweet, wholesome, Miss Nu-Maid when you buy margarine.

Enjoy New

NU-MAID MARGARINE

..it's "Table-Grade"

"I'd call it the perfect tuna pack"*

says the
HOME ECONOMICS EDITOR
of a great chain of
metropolitan newspapers

*FROM A LETTER IN OUR FILES

THE IMPROVED
Grated
TUNA

Larger "bite-size" pieces... ready for instant use in all your tuna recipes, without the bother of flaking. Simply open the can and use!

Finer texture... richer, more delicate flavor! For, dark meat is never used in these quality brands... only the tender light meat is packed.

Be sure to get this Improved Grated style... exclusive with these famous brands.

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.,
Terminal Island, California

There's no substitute for tuna, when you use

Buy either brand... the Quality is the same

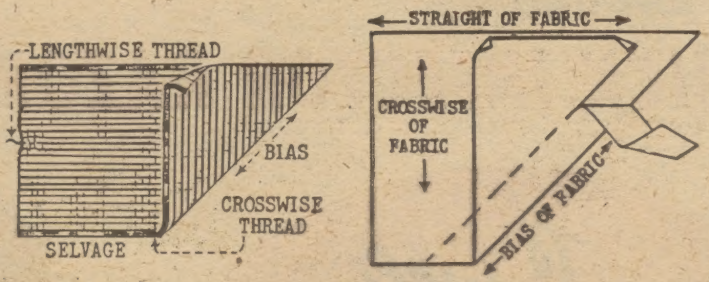
NOTES ON Cutting Fabric

By Doris Denison

IN ORDER to have a dress hang and fit properly each piece in the pattern must be cut on the correct grain of the material. Lengthwise grain refers to the threads parallel to selvage edges. Crosswise grain refers to the threads going across from selvage to selvage. Bias means running diagonally across lengthwise and crosswise grains.

Your pattern pieces are carefully marked to insure your placing them on the proper grain of the material.

Occasionally your sewing chart will indicate that a



pattern piece should be cut on the bias. Bindings, facings, and belts fit best when cut this way. To get a true bias, turn back a corner of your material, as shown in the diagram, so that the crosswise threads meet and match the lengthwise threads. The line of the fold is the bias of the fabric, and any piece cut parallel to this fold will also be on the bias. If your pattern piece is small, it will not be necessary to turn the corner up all the way.

Removing Stains From Fabric

WHEN Junior tips the ink bottle on his sister's new dress, only fast, intelligent action will save the situation.

There are a number of helpful things you can do at home to remove stains, but complications may arise if you do not know what caused the stain and what type of fabric is involved. For instance, if you are working on rayon material containing acetate yarns, certain removal methods may harm the fabric. Always test a chemical on an inside seam first to see what the effect is. If you are not sure whether the material is washable or not, use the method given for nonwashable fabrics.

In some instances, when the following methods will not remove the stain, send the garment immediately to a reliable dry cleaner with all the information you have about the spot.

Ink

RINSE washable fabrics in cool water. Wash in warm suds, to which a little ammonia has been added. Rinse well. Ink is difficult to remove from nonwashable fabrics, especially if it is a permanent type. Try a good commercial spot remover, or spread corn meal (or salt) over the spot while it is still wet. Work the corn meal into the spot and then brush it off. Repeat. Make a paste of corn meal and water and apply to spot. Allow to dry and brush off.

Chewing Gum

SPONGE area with cleaning fluid or spot remover until the gum loosens and falls off. If the gum is sticky, rub it with a piece of ice until it hardens. Scrape it off and sponge with spot remover. Washable fabrics can then be laundered in warm suds.

Lipstick

USE spot remover on washable and nonwashable fabrics. Launder washable fabrics in soap and warm water.

Egg

SCRAPE off all the egg you can with a dull knife. Soak washable fabrics in cold water. Never use hot water, as it sets egg stains. Wash in lukewarm soapsuds. Sponge nonwashable fabrics with cold water. Allow to dry, and apply spot remover.

A New Chart

YOU can have a complete list of spot removal methods in handy chart form by checking and mailing the coupon below.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 221, Wall Street Station, New York 5, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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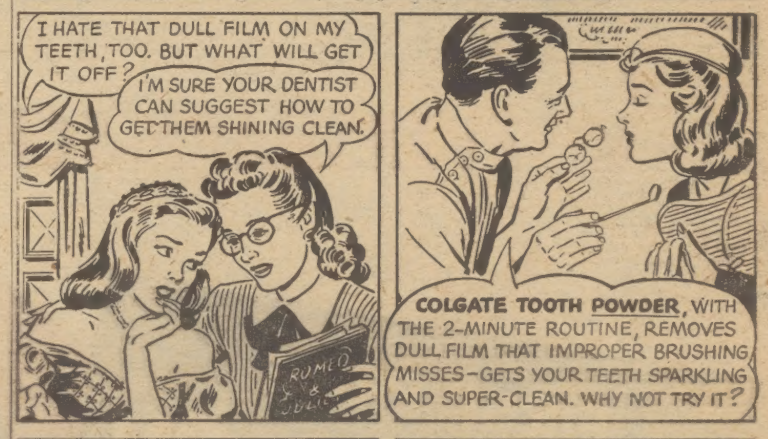
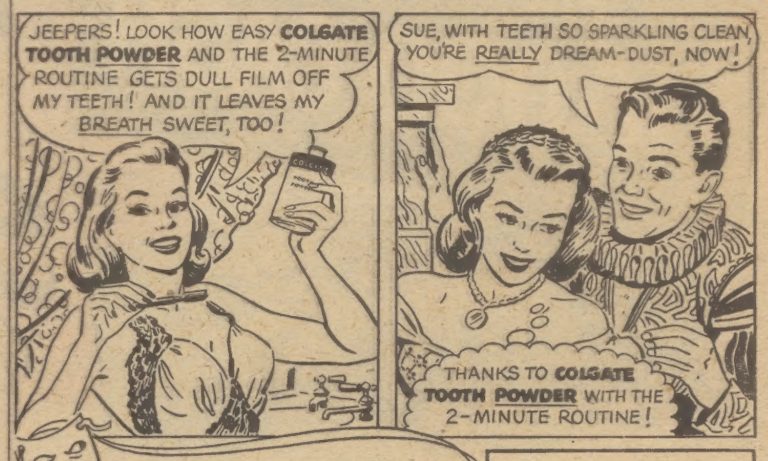
- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades
- ☐ (32) Playroom Plans
- ☐ (33) Wedding and Shower Decorations
- ☐ (34) Replanning Kitchens
- ☐ (35) How to Remove Stains





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2. Mail your entries to:—**Eversharp Contest, P. O. Box 86, New York 3, New York.** With each entry enclose printed instruction sheet (the sheet showing how to use the razor) which comes with the New SCHICK "66", the EVERSHARP-SCHICK Fashion Razor or any EVERSHARP-SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR

3. Any resident of continental United States or Canada may compete except employees of Eversharp, their advertising and publicity agencies and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, local and Dominion regulations.

4. Contest starts September 19th; closes midnight November 5th in New York. All entries must be received not later than midnight Nov. 5th, 1948. Grand prize winner will be announced over Eversharp's radio programs "Take It Or Leave It" and "Stop the Music".

5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought by the independent judging staff of the R. H. Donnelley Corp. Judges decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Eversharp.

6. All winners will be notified by mail or telegram. Winners lists will be available on request to contestants who send in stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Winners' names will be published in the earliest possible issue of the American Weekly

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